

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE CURE'S PROGRESS.

MONSIEUR the Curé down the street
Comes with his kind old face, —
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling
hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande-
Place*,"
And the tiny "*Hôtel-de-Ville* ;"
He smiles as he goes, to the *fleuriste* Rose,
And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*"
cool,
Where the noisy fish-wives call ;
And his compliment pays to the "*belle Thé-
rèse*,"
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's
shop,
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of
fruit,
Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui !*"
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard!
To the furrier's daughter too ;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
And a "*Bon Dieu garde M'sieu !*"

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*,
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne ;
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
And a nod to the Sacristan : —

For ever through life the Curé goes
With a smile on his kind old face, —
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling
hair,
And his green umbrella-case.
Cornhill Magazine. AUSTIN DOBSON.

BUTTERFLIES.

ONCE more I pass along the flowering meadow,
Hear cushats call, and mark the fairy rings ;
Till where the lych-gate casts its cool dark
shadow,
I pause awhile, musing on many things ;
Then raise the latch, and passing through the
gate,
Stand in the quiet, where men rest and wait.

Bees in the lime-trees do not break their
sleeping ;
Swallows beneath church eaves disturb them
not ;

They heed not bitter sobs or silent weeping ;
Cares, turmoil, griefs, regrets, they have for-
got.

I murmur sadly : "Here, then, all life ends.
We lay you here to rest, and lose you, friends."

By no rebuke is the sweet silence broken.
No voice reproves me ; yet a sign is sent ;
For from the grassy mounds there comes a
token
Of life immortal — and I am content.
See ! the soul's emblem meets my downcast
eyes :

Over the graves are hovering butterflies !
Chambers' Journal. G. S.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains !
It sounds like stories from the world of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear friend ! renounce this canting
strain,

What wouldst thou have a good great man
obtain ?
Place — titles — salary — a gilded chain —
Or throne of corpses which his sword hath
slain ? —

Greatness and goodness are not means, but
ends ;

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ? — three treasures, love
and light,

And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath ;
And three firm friends, more sure than day
and night —

Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.
1809. S. T. COLERIDGE.

SOME ANSWER.

NOT for himself — he lives to God alone —
Do we lament that he, the good great man,
Should live unguerdoned and should die un-
known :

Not for his sake we mourn, but for our own.
"A little while 'tis with you ; while ye can,
Walk in the light !" So spake the living
Way :

But we have chosen darkness ; day by day
The light was with us, yet we dared to scorn
The beams of his pure glory ; now his ray
Faints in the westward, therefore do we mourn.
Oh worse than famine, worse than sword, or
pest,

When prophets cry in vain to the dull ear
Of dying lands, that murmur "Peace," and
jest,

And lightly mock the visions of the seer.
1858. H. M. B.

Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE CROWN AND THE CONSTITUTION.*

ONE of the most curious legacies we have inherited from our ancestors is an extreme susceptibility to the influence of political forms and phrases. We are proud of our weakness, and not without reason, for it is a sign of far-descended freedom and of traditional greatness. It is accredited by famous examples in poetry and history. When the worthy Dicæopolis wished for his own purposes to prorogue the Athenian Ecclesia, he used his privilege as a citizen, and announced that he felt a drop of rain. The Prytanes, as they were bound to do, at once declared the day's proceedings to be at an end.† If any member of the Polish Diet wished to stop a debate, he had only to make use of the *Liberum Veto*, and the assembly had no alternative but to dissolve itself or to murder the obstructing individual. In the same way the English politician, who seeks to acquire popularity by turning the whole community upside down, may be tolerably sure of success, if he can but represent some public act to be "unconstitutional."

The word is a good word, and may be used to signify a variety of positive things. On the other hand, it has vast magic as a mere phrase, and, as such, it is used always in one sense and for one purpose, namely, to bring discredit on the crown. When it is so employed it is, of course, convenient to ignore the fact that the constitution consists of several parts, and that the encroachment of any one part on the liberties of the others is, in the eye of the law, an unconstitutional act. We never hear, for instance, from modern historians that it was an unconstitutional act of the subjects of King Charles I. to cut off his head; or that there was anything unprecedented in the conduct of William IV.'s ministers who carried off their sovereign at a moment's notice to pronounce, without deliberation, the dissolution of Parliament; or that Sir Robert Peel pushed hardly

on the royal prerogative in limiting the queen's choice of her personal attendants. For each and all of these acts, springing as they did from the will of the majority or its representative ministers, grave and weighty reasons are found; but no epithets are too forcible to describe the wickedness of the Charleses, the Jameses, the Georges, and even the Williams, who have sought, by the exercise of their prerogative, to check the liberties or the opinions of the Commons. We are by no means concerned to defend the conduct of the monarchs we have mentioned; we believe that both their thoughts and actions were often of a thoroughly unconstitutional character; but, as applied to the crown in the reign of Queen Victoria, most people will be inclined to consider the phrase "unconstitutional," to speak mildly, — inappropriate. We have been long under the impression that the reign of the present sovereign has been distinguished by the smooth working of our constitutional machinery, by the superiority of the crown to anything like party favoritism, and by the hearty sympathy which the monarch has shown for the varied interests of all classes of her subjects. But for the last eighteen months we seem to have been living in a quite different world. There has been solemn whispering and head-shaking in certain circles whenever the name of the queen is mentioned. Respectable Liberal journals, daily and weekly, have been in a flutter at the aggressive attitude of the crown. At a meeting of Radicals in Willis's rooms to advocate the opening of the Dardanelles, one of the speakers complained of the undue influence that was being exercised by the court, and was doubtless somewhat surprised to find himself called to order by the chairman, and his audience giving three cheers for the queen. In spite, however, of such momentary weaknesses as this manifestation of loyalty, there has been a tolerable agreement among politicians of a particular complexion that certain recent acts of the sovereign have been alarmingly "unconstitutional."

What, then, has the queen been doing? Has she been collecting in the House of Commons a party of "queen's friends"?

* 1. *Life of the Prince Consort*. By Theodore Martin. 3 vols. London, 1875-76-77.

2. *The Crown and the Cabinet*. By "Vérax." London, 1878.

† Aristophanes, "Acharn." 171.

Has she been endeavoring to thwart the policy of her ministers, who are responsible to the country, by "an influence behind the throne"? Has she been dismissing lords-lieutenant, or striking off the names of privy councillors who have made themselves obnoxious to her by the expression of their opinions? She has done none of these things. Much less has she tried to revive the Star Chamber or the dispensing power. The "head and front of her offending" is that she has intrusted to an accomplished man of letters the materials necessary for the preparation and publication of the memoirs of her husband, the late prince consort.

Astonishing as such a statement sounds, it is the simple truth. We would remind our readers that the first volume of the "Life" was published in 1875, the second in 1876; and that when they first appeared both volumes were read with eager interest, not only as containing the history of one whose worth the people had learned to appreciate too late, but as throwing a vivid light on the interior working of our constitutional machinery. Not a syllable was breathed by the critics against the character of the prince consort, or the attitude of the crown, as depicted in this portion of the work. But when the third volume, composed evidently on the same principles as the first two, appeared, there arose a loud outcry. This volume dealt with the most interesting and critical period of her Majesty's reign — the Crimean War — and, as the relation of the crown to foreign affairs was more fully illustrated than in the earlier years which the biography covered, it was natural that the number of State papers in it should be proportionally large. But it was not of the predominance of politics that the critics complained. In their eyes the viciousness of the book lay in this, that, whereas a considerable section of the public were vehement advocates of Russia in her recent war with Turkey, the third volume of the "Life" placed in the clearest light and the most vivid colors the character of Russian diplomacy, the nature of Russian warfare, as well as the anti-Russian sympathies of English statesmen and the English people, throughout the events that

led to the invasion of the Crimea by the allied armies in 1854. Hence, say these critics, it was evident that the queen had strong personal inclinations with which she wished her subjects to become acquainted, in order that by the exercise of her royal influence she might convert the misguided portion of the English people to better opinions. Which exercise of prerogative, without doubt, was highly "unconstitutional."

The frame of mind of persons haunted by these apprehensions is very characteristically illustrated by a pamphlet which has come into our hands, entitled "The Crown and the Cabinet," consisting of five letters, reprinted from the *Manchester Weekly Times*, with the signature of "Verax." The argument in this composition does not call for serious notice. The author, indeed, appears to pose as a kind of tame Junius; he writes of the queen and the prince consort as an "exacting master and mistress," and of their communications to their ministers as "pettish and insolent," together with many other epithets equally respectful and appropriate; but the matter of his discourse might be readily compressed into the phrase of the French doctrinaires, "*Le roi règne, mais ne gouverne pas.*" and it only deserves attention in so far as it is a representative expression of a certain middle-class opinion on the nature of the English constitution. "Verax" solemnly tells us that "this instalment of the 'Prince Consort's Life' is a message from the crown . . . a message sent straight to the nation over the heads of ministers, and only too well adapted to fire the resentments which those who are responsible for the policy of the country might wish to allay." Speaking of the queen's letter to Lord Aberdeen, to which we shall refer hereafter, he says, "I make no comment on these remarks; my loyalty forbids." As for the notion that the queen is to exercise any direct personal influence on the counsels of the cabinet, it fills him with despair. He is afraid that, if such principles prevail, "a day may come when the most momentous questions affecting the honor and destinies of the nation may be settled at a morning call between some future

emperor and his grand vizier." The true constitutional position of the sovereign, according to "Verax," is this: —

It is commonly supposed that while the queen reigns and all the acts of the government are done in her name, the responsible business of government, as regards both foreign and domestic affairs, is done by the dozen or fifteen statesmen whom the queen selects as her ministers from out of the ranks of the party which commands a majority in the House of Commons. We are under the impression that these statesmen meet together in perfect freedom, with minds unmolested and undisturbed by any outside influence, and determine to the best of their ability what course shall be adopted in the management of national affairs. We call them the advisers of the queen. We take it for granted that the queen does not advise herself, that she has no advisers except those supplied to her by Parliament, and that she never hesitates to adopt the conclusions presented to her on their authority as if they were her own. We exult in this arrangement as embodying the perfection of popular government, and we boast of the advantage it gives us of having our national policy decided, not by *hereditary brains* (*sic*), which may be wise or foolish, as accident determines, but by the select men of the nation, while it raises the crown far above the strife of contending parties, exempts it from criticism, and enables us to render to it the homage of an ungrudging, unstinted, and unwavering loyalty. . . . The crown we only know as the ceremonial device on the Great Seal by which the nation's resolves are attested, and the moment we are forced to know it in any other capacity *danger commences for one party, though hardly for both*.

"It is commonly supposed!" There is truth in the last words of the above passage, but not the truth which "Verax" intended them to express. The danger to which we are exposed arises not from any unconstitutional encroachment on the part of the crown, but from the ignorance and cowardice manifested in these "common suppositions" of which "Verax" makes himself the mouthpiece. For ignorance of the grossest kind it is, to suppose that the occupant of the oldest throne in Europe, surrounded by a boundless prestige, possessed of a vast if undefined prerogative, and commanding countless sources of influence, could ever sink into the capacity

of a mere mechanical register of the will of Parliament; or that, if she did, the people would be likely to "pay the homage of an ungrudging, unstinted, and unwavering loyalty" to what they would recognize to be nothing but a clockwork figure. And cowardice, unworthy of Englishmen, it is to deny to the chief personage of these realms that privilege of free speech, which she herself so liberally allows to the meanest of her subjects. It is not from men who seek to discredit as "a message from the throne" a book, published no doubt under the auspices of royalty, and written with all the delicacy and skilfulness to be expected from its author, but seeking its fortune in the open market, and exposing itself to public criticism,—that the crown of England has any "danger" to apprehend. Rather it is English freedom that is imperilled by that slavish temper which, seeking to stifle the expression of all opinion contrary to its own, has ever been the instrument of force and tyranny. The dangerous fallacies involved in the constitutional theories of "Verax," as well as the extent to which his unfounded opinions appear to be shared by certain of his countrymen, suggest to us that it may be useful to inquire first of reason, what is the nature of constitutional government in general, and then of history and our own experience, what is the character of the English constitution in particular.

All government is founded partly on force, partly on opinion; good government consists in the combination of the two elements in their proper proportions. As Aristotle shows, the beginning of government is co-existent with the beginning of society. The rule of the father over the family is justified by his superiority in power. But his government is cemented and established by ties growing out of moral opinion, nor could the family be held together if the father failed to discharge his natural obligations towards his wife and children. Extended to the State, the same principle manifests itself in every form of government. Force encroaching unduly on freedom is certain after a while to reach a point at which freedom recoils and finds the means to subvert force.

This truth was constantly illustrated in the Greek despotisms by the frequency of tyrannicide, and by the ingenious arguments with which such acts were defended by the philosophers. It was exemplified again on a larger scale by the influence of philosophy in producing the French Revolution. On the other hand, unchecked opinion is apt by its impotence and distractions to play the game of force. There never was a government in which opinion had such absolute latitude as that of Athens. The people in assembly heard their affairs discussed by their orators; they voted on the spur of the moment; the vote of the majority became a decree, and, if need were, was carried into instant execution. Many of our readers will remember the story of a tremendous tragedy which came within a point of being acted in consequence of this system of government. The city of Mitylene had revolted from Athens. On the suppression of the revolt, the people assembled in the Pnyx to deliberate on the fate of the rebels. Under the influence of an harangue by Cleon, they voted by a large majority that the whole male population, to the number of six thousand, should be put to the sword, and that all the women and children should be sold into slavery. A galley was at once despatched to Mitylene to order the decree to be executed. The night passed, and in the morning the people were filled with horror and remorse at the orders they had given. A fresh assembly was called, and the decree of the previous day was rescinded. Twenty-four hours after the first galley had started, a second followed it; and the unflagging chase that ensued, the superhuman efforts of the rowers, and the arrival of the reprieve at the moment when the sentence was about to be carried into effect, form one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of Thucydides. Vast as was the popular energy of Athens, solid as was its power when wielded by a statesman like Pericles, such a glimpse of passion, vacillation, and distraction, in a people given over to the winds of opinion, makes it easy for us to understand the impotence of its democracy to withstand the solid concentration of the Macedonian phalanx.

The most sagacious tyrants, as well as the wisest champions of democracy, have understood the necessity of tempering the extreme principles on which their respective forms of governments rest. Thus, Macchiavelli shows how Ferdinand of Aragon achieved his dark and selfish aims by acquiring "reputation" as the de-

fender of the Church, and, like another power in later days, contrived that all his acts should be so connected with apparently generous motives, that men should be unable to gainsay him. On the other hand, the framers of the American Constitution conceived it was politic to render the executive secure from the storms of opinion by preventing the legislature from touching the power of the president during his term of office by any method except direct impeachment.

In spite, however, of all the wisdom of human contrivance, human nature is perpetually driving monarchy towards despotism, and democracy towards anarchy. The philosophers, who saw every variety of government illustrated in the small states of Greece, found in the perpetual revolutions of which they were witnesses plenty of materials for political speculation, but few for political construction. Yet the foresight of Aristotle anticipated the possibility of a government at once free and powerful in the form of "constitutional monarchy." No such constitution had been as yet actually witnessed. "A king," says the philosopher, "governing under the direction of law does not of himself constitute any particular species of government." Yet the idea was both rational and practicable. "A king ought to have a proper power, such a one, that is, as will be sufficient to make him superior to any one person, or even to a large part of the community, but inferior to the whole." And enumerating the arguments against absolute monarchy, Aristotle says: "He who bids the law to be supreme, makes God supreme; but he who intrusts man with supreme power gives it to a wild beast, for such his appetites sometimes make him; passion, too, influences those who are in power, even the very best of men; whereas law is intellect free from appetite."

After the fall of the Roman Empire the principle of limited monarchy appears to have been generally recognized in the Gothic nations of Europe. But from one cause or another, in almost all these nations, the power of the crown prevailed over the liberties of the people, and, in the eighteenth century after Christ, England stood forth alone as an example to Europe of the privileges that might be enjoyed by subjects under a constitutional monarchy. How these privileges were acquired is matter of history; and though history may be read in different senses, we venture to

* Aristotle, "Politics," book iii., cap. x., xi.

assert that no reading of it whatever can verify the theory of the cast-iron constitution which "Verax" seems to imagine was, at some time or another, imposed upon the nation. "To provide," says he, "against the chance that hereditary descent may occasionally give us a fool for a sovereign, our forefathers have devised the mechanism of responsible government." We can hardly give "Verax" credit for being so simple as he wishes to appear, and we believe that he knows very well that the principle of ministerial responsibility, so far from being invented to remedy any weakness inherent in the hereditary principle, was in effect a doctrine founded on the rational consideration — to use Aristotle's words — that "the power of the king must be inferior to the power of the whole community;" and that, like every other constitutional principle since the Restoration, it flowed from particular circumstances, and is sustained by special precedents. The constitution is older than ministerial responsibility; and the encroachments of the royal power before the Revolution of 1688, as well as the growth in the power of the Commons since, originated not in any prescribed source of law or custom, but in the ever-shifting conditions regulating the equilibrium which the constitution managed to maintain between force and opinion.

As all Englishmen are supposed to know, the constitutional checks on the power of the crown from the earliest days were five in number: 1, the sole right of Parliament to grant supplies; 2, the assent of Parliament for every new law; 3, security of the subject from arrest except by legal warrant, and the right of speedy trial; 4, trial by jury; 5, the liability of the servants of the crown to action for the violation of the liberty of the subject. These were the essential liberties for which our ancestors contended in Magna Charta, which were confirmed again and again by charters in subsequent reigns, and which were finally asserted and established in the Bill of Rights. It seems a miracle, as we look back, that rights so essentially civil should have been maintained against the overbearing force of the crown in the military ages of our history. But it is plain that several counteracting causes obliged the kings of England against their will to lean for support on their subjects, and enabled the latter on their side to insist on the royal recognition of their traditional liberties. Of these causes it will be sufficient to specify two; first, that uncertainty of title which weakened the power

of so many of our kings, compelling, for instance, an usurper like Richard III. to seek popularity by the abolition of benevolences; and secondly, the foreign possessions of the crown, which required for their defence a loyal support from the king's subjects, that could be readily granted only in consideration of reciprocal concessions on the side of the sovereign. This principle of mutual bargaining, however, would scarcely have produced union and affection between the English monarchs and their people, if it had not been for a third cause, which united both parties by the common bond of self-defence, namely the attitude which the crown assumed in its foreign relations in consequence of the insular position of the kingdom.

The English people have always instinctively understood that the maintenance of their domestic liberties depends on the independence of their country, and they have naturally looked for the preservation of this independence to their sovereign, as the depository of the concentrated force of the nation, the disposer of peace and war, and the natural representative of England's freedom in the eyes of foreign powers. In like manner the English kings have caught the flame of insular patriotism; and have seen, in the passion they have experienced to assert their own independence and dignity against foreign pretensions, the reflection of their subjects' love for their individual liberties. Hence every advance in the greatness of England as a nation has been effected by the joint action of the king and the people. The Constitutions of Clarendon, aimed though they were by the crown against a foreign ecclesiastical rival, secured the recognition of the ancient laws and customs of the realm. The framers of Magna Charta, while they forced from their monarch an acknowledgment of their liberties, were yet careful, in opposition to the wish of many of their own order, to keep the crown on an English head. They felt that national passion which Shakespeare centuries afterwards expressed in the person of the bastard Falconbridge, who, with all his contempt for John as a man, is loyal to him as the representative of England's majesty. The feeling we have been describing finds vivid utterance in the words with which Falconbridge concludes the play: —

This England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,

And we will shock them; nought shall make
us rue,
If England to itself do prove but true.

The great constitutional right of the English people to grant supplies through representatives in Parliament was really established by the most warlike of their monarchs. Hard pressed by his frequent wars, Edward I. issued writs to his sheriffs for summoning deputies from the boroughs, as well as knights from the shires, to grant such supplies as he and his council might judge necessary. The preamble to the writ affirms it to be "a most equitable rule that what concerns all should be approved by all, and common dangers should be repelled by united efforts." The immediate result of this happy arrangement between the crown and the Commons was the victory over the Scots at Dunbar. On the other hand, when the king sought to recover Guienne by means of arbitrary exactions, the nation withstood him, and he was obliged to relinquish his project of invasion, and to renew the national charters. So much do the wealth and security of the English people depend on the power of the crown; so essential to the honor of the crown is the love and confidence of the people!

There have been times when the intense passion for *national* independence has proved injurious to the cause of individual liberty. It can scarcely be doubted that the moral support which the tyrannical Henry VIII. derived from his subjects, in spite of his glaring contempt for justice, was due to the aversion of the latter to the jurisdiction of a foreign power. And in the same way, the raising of forced loans, the rejection of bills passed by both Houses of Parliament, and the institution of the Star Chamber, were all forgiven to the sovereign who appeared in arms at Tilbury to animate her troops against the invader, professing her readiness to die at their head in defence of the freedom of her people.

But no grace was granted to kings who were at once cowardly and despotic; who sought to make use of the undue force which their predecessors had left at their disposal, without possessing in themselves that greatness of patriotic character which alone had sustained those predecessors in public opinion. If the English people had, under the Tudors, surrendered some of their most cherished liberties, it was not because they had lost their spirit, but because they were willing to sacrifice some portion of individual freedom to the still more cherished object of national inde-

pendence. And when James I. shrank from responding to the warlike ardor of his Parliament, he laid the axe to the root of that divinely-granted prerogative, the form of which he was so pedantically bent on preserving. We ask the Whigs of to-day, who refuse to grant supplies to their sovereign in the moment of their country's danger, to consider the example of their ancestors, swearing to spend and be spent in defence of their religion and of the Palatinate, "lifting up their hats in their hands so high as they could hold them, as a visible testimony of their unanimous consent, in such sort that the like had scarce ever been seen in Parliament."

Modern historians are apt to dwell solely on the benefits we have derived from the resistance of our ancestors to the encroachments of the crown, but it is also salutary to reflect how the discord between the crown and the people brought trouble and dishonor on the nation. Force, wielded by feeble hands, strove in vain against the irresistible rush of opinion; opinion breaking beyond all bounds, found itself promptly overmastered by armed force; this again was swept away by a tide of opinion running in favor of legitimacy, on which despotism was once more borne triumphantly along, till the sudden ebb of the royal force in 1688, manifested to the world how vast a revolution had been effected in the relative position of the Commons and the crown. During this period the country under one monarch had become obsequious to Spain, two other of its kings were the pensioners of France; one of them had agreed, in consideration of a price, to make a public profession of the Roman Catholic religion, while, as a crowning disgrace, the Dutch fleet rode up the Thames and insulted us on the Medway.

We think it will hardly be denied that during the one hundred and thirty years that elapsed between the accession of Anne and the first Reform Bill, the various elements of the English constitution were more evenly balanced than at any period before or after. No political system was ever more anomalous in principle, none ever worked better in practice, than that of popular representation by means of close boroughs. What constitution could apparently be more unpopular than one composed of an hereditary crown, an hereditary peerage, and a House of Commons, in which a large number of the members were direct representatives either of the House of Lords or of the sovereign, in which the great centres of popu-

lation were entirely unrepresented, and in which perfect independence of opinion was only possible to those who were public-spirited enough to purchase the right of representing themselves! Nevertheless, this strangely compounded system was by no means unfavorable to individual liberty, and was certainly conducive to national independence. The reason is simple. All the essential parts of the nation were represented in it; each within its own proper sphere had full freedom of action; yet not one of them, however desirous of predominating, was sufficiently powerful to absorb the others, or to overthrow the well-distributed balance of the whole system.

To begin with, the excess of force inherent in royalty had been effectually restrained by the Revolution of 1688. The crown had emerged from its unavailing struggle against popular liberty shorn of much of its ancient influence and prestige. After the death of William III. the throne was filled by a monarch who was ruled by female favorites, themselves the mere instruments of rival parties. The first two monarchs of the house of Brunswick, ignorant, one even of the language, and both of the character of their people, aliens from English sympathies, and regarding England itself only as an instrument for advancing Hanoverian interests, were altogether unfitted to inspire their subjects with feelings of devotion. They were but too thankful to be relieved of responsibility, by leaving the management of home affairs in the hands of their ministers. Hence, as was inevitable, for the first sixty years of the eighteenth century there was a vast diminution in the *personal* influence of the crown. It may in fact be said that during the whole of this period the crown was in commission.

Out of this unnatural conduct of the sovereign arose the system of government by party. The royal sources of power and patronage remained unimpaired, and under the circumstances it was only natural that they should be administered by the aristocracy, as the political body immediately connected with royalty and deriving from that original its rank and possessions. A long struggle for power ensued between the two parties into which the nobility were divided; and, during the temporary eclipse of the crown, the Whigs and Tories took their stand severally on the monarchical or popular side of the constitution, and transferred the sentiment of loyalty, properly due to the monarch, to the party leaders who were able to com-

mand the distribution of places and honors. The Whigs being the principal authors of the Revolution, it was they who reaped the chief advantage from the system of party government which was now established; and, as it was with their elaborate scheme of Parliamentary connection that the resuscitated power of the crown was brought into collision after the accession of George III., it will be useful to recall the famous apology made for the principle of party by the greatest and most philosophical of Whig statesmen. The cabal, as Burke calls George III.'s illegal advisers, had endeavored to discredit party by calling it "faction," an accusation to which Burke replies: *

It is indeed in no way wonderful that such persons should make such declarations. That "connection" and "faction" are equivalent terms is an opinion which has been carefully inculcated at all times by unconstitutional statesmen. The reason is evident. Whilst men are linked together they easily and speedily communicate the alarm of an evil design. They are enabled to fathom it with common counsel, and oppose it with united strength. Whereas, when they lie dispersed, without concert, order, or discipline, communication is uncertain, counsel difficult, and resistance impracticable. Where men are not acquainted with each other's principles, nor experienced in each other's talents, nor at all practised in their mutual habitudes and disposition by joint efforts in business, no personal confidence, no friendship, no common interest subsisting among them, it is evidently impossible that they can act a public part with uniformity, perseverance, or efficacy. In a connection the most inconsiderable man, by adding to the weight and the whole, has his value and his use; out of it, the greatest talents are wholly unserviceable to the public. No man, who is not inflamed by vain glory into enthusiasm, can flatter himself that his single unsupported, desultory, unsystematic endeavors are of power to defeat the subtle designs and united cabals of ambitious citizens. When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

This defence of party appears to us, within its own limits, perfectly reasonable. As a vindication of free Parliamentary government from the insidious attacks to which it was exposed, the argument is unanswerable. But its validity depends on the willingness of Parliament to confine itself to what Burke assumed to be its true limit, *control*. So long as the House of Commons was content to fill the place marked

* Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents.

out for it in the constitution, as the guardian of the public liberties, the bonds of party connection were necessary to oppose a firm front to the power of the crown. But when the House of Commons itself began to usurp the functions of the executive, when it came to look on office as the great end of party organization, when it used its "connection" for the purpose of reducing the monarch (to quote Baron Stockmar's phrase) "to a mandarin figure, which has to nod its head in assent or shake it in denial as ministers please,"—then it became evident that Burke's position was no longer tenable, and that party was in a fair way to degenerate into faction. Tories as we are, we are by no means insensible to the great benefits which the administration of Walpole, the first master of Parliamentary "connection," secured for the country. But it is plain that towards the close of his term of power, and still more in the times of his successors, the government of the aristocracy was rapidly declining into oligarchy. The Tories, as a party, were too weak, in the absence of their visible head, to make a good fight against their rivals in defence of the monarchical rights which their principles bound them to maintain. Hence throughout the reigns of George I. and II. the power of the Whigs was continually on the increase. Now, in spite of their advocacy of the popular liberties, the Whigs have never been a popular party. The true Whig is a born lawyer and a natural aristocrat. He has a passion for constitutional precedents, and is ready to sacrifice his life and fortune for *his* doctrines of civil and religious liberty. But, like Milton, he has little sympathy with, and a good deal of contempt for, the people itself. Therefore, when constitutional freedom was once assured by the Bill of Rights, and when the Whigs, as the reward of their exertions, assumed the government, and relinquished the defence, of the people, they soon betrayed the selfish instincts by which aristocracy, like every other form of government, is liable to be corrupted. The poet tells us that the sweets of office are as soothing to the fiery spirits of the Whigs as flowers are to bees; and once settled there, the administration of Newcastle shows that they may be indifferent to what the instinct of the people and the honor of the country demand of its rulers.

How far the Whig oligarchy might have prevailed against the influence of the crown, if it had been allowed to develop unchecked its principle of "connection," it is impossible to say. But meantime a

strong force was growing up outside Parliament, which served to counteract the exclusive influences to which the representatives of the people were exposed. This was public opinion. Unable to bring the Commons under its immediate control, it yet exercised a very decided influence on their proceedings. This influence was chiefly brought to bear on the conduct of foreign affairs. The passion of the people for independence, and their desire that England should uphold her position as the natural champion of freedom, was as ardent in the eighteenth century as at any period of their history. So strongly were the national traditions rooted in their mind, that, in the reign of George II.; they twice forced Whig ministers into war, against their judgment. And the apparent want of sympathy in these ministers for the national honor was no doubt one of the causes which led to the revival of crown influence under George III. The nation had found a minister after its own heart in Pitt, whose greatness rendered him independent of either party; and the credit which had been obtained by the firm rule of a single man, when contrasted with the feebleness and vacillations of the "connection," had reflected a lustre on the crown. When George III. came to the throne, he won the hearts of his people by inserting with his own hand in the royal speech the phrase that "he gloried in the name of Briton." Had he been as wise as he was spirited, he might have used his popularity in a legitimate way to break through the network with which the Whigs sought to surround him. Unfortunately, he discarded the one minister who could have served the monarchical cause, and by his obstinacy and arbitrary conduct brought the crown into difficulties, from which he was unable to extricate it before the rise of the younger Pitt. But when Pitt had once established himself in the good graces of the king, the loyalty of the people rallied unanimously round the sovereign, and the excesses of the French Revolution, which showed how inseparable was the security of the nation from that of the throne, helped to maintain the Tory party in power for nearly fifty years.

In all my observation of the English state-machine [writes Baron Stockmar to the prince consort] I have never been able to discover that balance of the elements of their constitution of which Englishmen boast so much. Previous to the Reform Bill the theory of this balance was perhaps much more defective than it has been since; but the system

worked better in practice than it does now.
It admitted of a vigorous government.

This remark appears to us perfectly well-founded; and indeed the principle of the constitutional equilibrium before the Reform Bill was, we think, more logical than the baron seems to allow. Each of the elements of the constitution sought to exercise its will unchecked; none of them for long together was strong enough to do so, though all, at one time or another, were strong enough to do a certain amount of mischief. The king sought to recover all the personal power of which the crown had been deprived by the Revolution, and the consequence was the loss of our American colonies. Parliament, under the Whig oligarchy, endeavored to usurp executive power, and to dispossess the monarch of his constitutional right of dissolution. The people, only indirectly represented in Parliament, made their voice heard outside in riots and tumults. All these irregularities produced violent shocks and oscillations in the balance of the State, but were impotent to overthrow it, because, whenever any single power showed itself dangerously predominant, there was strength and inclination in the other two powers to resist its encroachments, though not to annihilate its existence. Under such conditions, there was manifestly scope for "vigorous government." And vigorous government we had. Our commerce and enterprise laid the foundations of our empire in all parts of the globe. If we lost America, we gained Canada and India. We occupied the all-important military positions of Gibraltar and Malta. We put down rebellion in Ireland, and upheld freedom in Spain. And we endured, without flinching, a war of twenty years, in which we had more than once to stand alone against the associated power of Europe and, worse still, to confront at home the tyrannous anarchy with which we were contending abroad. There is no more glorious episode in our history than the suppression of the Mutiny of the Nore. It is well to recall to our statesmen, in these days of government by public opinion, the great examples of their predecessors, and the emotions which they excited in the minds of their illustrious contemporaries. "Let us figure to ourselves," says Prince Hardenberg, "Richard Parker, a common sailor, the leader of the revolt, taking at Sheerness the title of admiral of the fleet, and the fleet itself, consisting of eleven sail of the line and four frigates, assuming the title of the Floating Republic; and nevertheless recollect that the

English, but recently recovered from a financial crisis, remained undaunted in the presence of such a revolt, and did not withdraw one vessel from the blockade of Brest, Cadiz, or the Texel! It was the firmness of ancient Rome."*

How it came to pass that this mighty system was abolished we need not stop to inquire. But we think it will be admitted that the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed, not because representation by close boroughs was opposed to the theory of the constitution, but because it had been used for selfish ends, and had proved itself inadequate to cope with those questions for which the force of opinion, now become overwhelming, imperatively demanded a solution. In any case, the passing of the bill produced a revolution in the political balance of power, the extent of which was not only unsuspected by those who framed the measure, but is even now imperfectly appreciated by the nation at large. The great intermediary power, which for nearly a century and a half had stood between the crown and the people, was, politically speaking, neutralized; and, after the long separation caused by the vain attempt to restrict popular rights by force, the sovereign was once more brought into direct personal contact with his subjects in a government resting almost entirely on opinion.

The first effect of this great revolution was to destroy the old basis of party government. It is impossible to disguise the fact that the Whig died and was buried in 1832. True, a claimant to his name and estates has appeared; but those who knew the old owner see that his personator is no more like him, than the martyr of Portsmouth is like Sir Roger Tichborne. The opposite view has been lately maintained by our distinguished contemporary the *Edinburgh Review*, who has endeavored to prove the identity of the Liberals with the old Whigs.† To begin with the "alias," this is the account the new claimant has to give of himself:—

When the party to which we belong adopted the name of "Liberal," it did so not because it was ashamed of the old title, or meant to disown it, but because the new appellation stretched wider than the old, because it proclaimed the identity of our principles not only with a time-honored band of patriots in our own country, but with those who have toiled and bled for freedom in every age and all over the world.

* Alison's "History of Europe," chap. xxii.

† *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1877, "Principles and Prospects of the Liberal Party."

After this heroic reason for dropping a good old English name, our would-be Whig thinks to prove his identity by some round abuse of the Tories, and if his vituperations were really a proof that our dear old friend, with whom we have before now had many a sharp tussle, were really in the flesh, all the bad names in the world should not provoke us to a retort. But when we ask our Liberal-Whig for a little direct evidence by which he may be recognized, he refers to the following credentials: "The removal of religious disabilities; the abolition of trade restrictions; the removal of burdensome and unjust taxes; the establishment of a system of primary education; the reform of the representative system." We can only say with Dominie Sampson, "Prodigious!" "The removal of civil disabilities"! Why, would it surprise the *Edinburgh Review* to learn that the Parliamentary Test Act was supported with eagerness by the Whigs or their immediate predecessors; that it remained in undisturbed operation till the time of George IV.; and that it was finally repealed by the Tories? "The abolition of trade restrictions"! But who framed the Navigation Laws, if not that excellent progenitor of the Whigs, Oliver Cromwell? "The establishment of a system of primary education"! Well, we do not know that either Whigs or Tories had much to say to education before the foundations of the present system were laid by a body of men for whom the Whigs have never displayed much affection, the clergy of the Established Church. "The reform of the representative system"! But was not the Tory Pitt the first to propose Parliamentary Reform, and were not the genuine Whigs as much opposed in their hearts as the bitterest Tories to the measure of 1832, which they understood very well to be an act of political suicide?

By principles such as those enumerated in the foregoing extract, the *Edinburgh Review* thinks to prove at once the essential difference between the Liberal and Conservative party—the latter of which, it says, cares nothing for principle, but only for institutions—and the identity of the Liberals with the old Whigs. "Principles," we are told, "never change; if true once they are true forever." How has it come to pass, then, that the Liberals have been false to the principle of the Test Act, adhered to by Lord Somers? Of the Navigation Laws, passed by Oliver Cromwell? Of protection to trade, advocated by Fox in opposition to Pitt? And what has the *Edinburgh Review* to say

about the "principle" of Church establishment? Of the policy respecting disestablishment a great deal, but of the "principle" on which that policy is founded very little. "When the nation by its representatives demands a settlement of the question; when some definite and intelligible plan for dealing with the immense and varied interests involved shall have been produced, and shall have met with general acceptance, it will be time for a party or a government to take it up." Quite so. The *Edinburgh Review* has let its cat out of the bag. The "principle" on which the Liberal party acts is expediency, or obedience to the will of the majority. But the assertion, that the will of a majority of the moment represents a principle which is "true forever," is enough to make all the old Whigs turn in their graves. We tell the Liberals plainly, there is no use in beating about the bush. For one hundred and fifty years the Whigs were the guardians of popular liberty against the encroachments of the crown, and during that period their principles were very clear and well-defined. But at the close of that period the people declared that its minority was ended, and that it was capable of governing itself, and when this stage had been reached there was plainly no longer any reason why the Whigs should stand between the people and the crown.

The Tories, on the other hand, had still a reason of existence. It is quite true, as the *Edinburgh Review* says, that Toryism does not effect to stand on "principle" so much as on institutions; in other words, it eschews the shibboleths and legal abstractions in which the Whig mind once delighted, and contents itself with loyally upholding the constitutional prerogative of the crown against the invasion of democracy. So long as the right and honor of the crown remain intact, the Tories have not the least desire to restrict the liberties of the people. They have indeed always been, in the widest sense of the word, a more popular party than the Whigs, as, though they know less about the people in the abstract, they know more about them in the flesh. Nor have they the Whig proneness to oligarchy. In his recent discourse on "Equality," Mr. Matthew Arnold, lamenting the profound chasm which divides the different ranks in English society, confesses that the conversation of those in a station inferior to his own is utterly unpalatable to him. This is the true Whig spirit. If Mr. Arnold had known more of the country parts where the sur-

vivals of feudalism are many and vigorous, he would have understood that there, at any rate, difference in class is no bar to the existence of the strongest sympathy and affection between individuals. Hence there is nothing to wonder at in the introduction of popular measures by the Tory party. Nevertheless, we allow that measures like Catholic Emancipation or the Reform Bill of 1867 are, in a sense, injurious to our cause; because, whether or not these were actually fraught with danger to the crown, to a large section of the Tories they appeared so, and therefore weakened the union of the party and its faith in its leaders.

Such being the change effected in the relations of parties by the first Reform Bill, what was the effect of this measure on the position of the crown? In the first place, the capacity of the people to govern itself being virtually acknowledged, it became impossible for the monarch to adopt anything like a party line in the conduct of affairs. Had the queen after her accession been inclined, like George III. when first he made Pitt minister, to use her influence against the majority elected by the nation, she would clearly have been guilty of unconstitutional conduct. But she has never done, she has never by her intimate counsellors been advised to do, anything of the sort:—

If things come to a change of ministry [writes Baron Stockmar, whom writers like "Verax" strive to represent as a kind of Lord Bute] then the great axiom, irrefragably one and the same for all ministers is this, viz.: The crown supports frankly, honorably, and with all its might, the ministry of the time, whatever it be, so long as it commands a majority, and governs with integrity for the welfare and advancement of the country. A king who, as a constitutional king, either cannot or will not carry this maxim into practice, deliberately descends from the lofty pedestal on which the constitution has placed him to the lower one of a mere party chief.

Government being now completely based on opinion, the only course open to the sovereign was to encourage all sound instinct and sentiment, and at the same time to stand completely above party prejudice, and this was what the queen did.

You always said [writes the prince consort to Baron Stockmar] that if monarchy was to rise in popularity it could only be by the sovereign leading an exemplary life and keeping quite aloof from and above party. Melbourne called this "nonsense." Now Victoria is

praised by Lord Spencer, the Liberal, for giving her support to the Tories.

The perfect unity of feeling between the crown and the people was shown at the time of the abolition of the Corn Laws. Never during the present century had party feeling run to such a height. In consequence of the plainly-marked drift of public opinion, Sir Robert Peel tendered his resignation to the queen. Lord John Russell was summoned to form a Liberal ministry, but found the difficulties in his path innumerable. Between the perplexities of party and the jealousies of statesmen, it seemed as if the State machine would be brought to a dead-lock. In this emergency the queen again sent for Sir Robert Peel, and he loyally undertook to sacrifice himself for the good of his country. What the sacrifice cost we know, and it may be imagined that even a man so patriotic as Peel might have shrunk from a struggle which was certain to deprive him of friendship, connection, and power, if he had not been sustained in his resolve by the sympathy and approval of his sovereign. As to the conduct of the crown on this occasion we quote the evidence of an unimpeachable witness, the *Radical Examiner*:—

In the pranks and bunglings of the last three weeks there is one part which, according to all report, has been played most faultlessly, that of a constitutional sovereign. In the pages of history the directness, the sincerity, the scrupulous observance of constitutional rules which have marked her Majesty's conduct in circumstances the most trying will have their place of honor. Unused as we are to deal in homage to royalty, we must add that never, we believe, was the heart of a monarch so warmly devoted to the interests of a people and with so enlightened a sense of their interests.

Yet while thus withdrawing herself from the blinding influences of party, the sovereign has never ceased to influence by opinion and suggestion the conduct of affairs. And whatever "Verax" and his following may say, we believe most Englishmen will thoroughly approve of the views of the prince consort on the duties of an English monarch.

Nowhere [he states in a private memorandum written in 1852] would such indifference be more condemned and justly despised than in England. Why are princes alone to be denied the credit of having political opinions based upon an anxiety for the national interests, their country's honor, and the welfare of mankind? Are they not more independently placed than any other politician in the State?

Are their interests not most intimately bound up with those of their country? Is the sovereign not the natural guardian of the honor of his country? Is he not necessarily a politician?

Necessarily he is. In home affairs the sovereign is a politician in the noblest sense, because he is the father of his people. Mr. Martin's narrative shows the eager personal interest which both the queen and the prince consort took in every undertaking designed to promote the happiness or to improve the taste of the nation. Nor were they content merely to preside over their people from an eminence: many a widow of a lost miner or a drowned sailor has been cheered by the expression of her Majesty's sympathy with her suffering; many a hero of humble station has exulted at the thought that his conduct has merited the notice and approval of his sovereign.

There is thus a perpetual gravitation of the crown and the people towards each other, tending to close up the breach that was made in the royal authority by the Revolution. Strong monarchs have always been popular in England. The reigns to which the imagination most fondly reverts are those of the first and third Edward, Henry V., and Elizabeth. Under all these the principle of authority predominated over that of freedom, but enough of freedom existed to make the nation proud of its sovereigns, and to rejoice that in them its own majesty was worthily represented. It was only when the royal power was turned against its subjects that opinion rose against monarchy, and usurped the functions that properly belong to the crown. And now that the people has become self-governing it turns instinctively to its monarch, because it perceives the confidence she reposes in it, and sees in the heartiness with which she enters into all its interests the best guarantee of its prosperity and freedom. The personal feeling which the queen inspires in all classes of her subjects has been proved wherever her Majesty has chosen to show herself in town or country, and was not more genuinely exhibited by the "numbers of farmers," who, as the queen records, rode with the royal party through Dunstable in 1841, "nearly smothering them with dust," than by the two hundred and eighty thousand artisans of Birmingham, who, in 1843, thronged the streets of the stronghold of Chartism to welcome the visit of the prince consort.

But the influence which the crown exercises over the course of domestic legisla-

tion is a far less important consideration than its relation to foreign affairs. In a nation that is self-governed opinion will be the ruling power, but in international dealings it must be evident to all reasonable beings that force is still supreme. If a nation, therefore, values its independence, it must be prepared to use its force, and for this purpose it must be ready to give generous and ungrudging support to its sovereign power. The monarch is at once the head and the arm of the constitution, in whose judgment rests the decision of peace and war, and on whose will depend the movements of the military and naval forces of the country. Moreover, the sovereign, and not his ministers, is the visible representative of the national majesty in the eyes of all foreign powers. Constitutional arrangements are nothing to absolute monarchs; it is the monarch of each nation who is in their view responsible for all the actions to which the nation collectively commits itself. Hence the English sovereign has a double interest in the conduct of foreign affairs; first, the security of his country, and next, the maintenance of his personal honor. Therefore, though, on the principle of self-government, the opinion of the queen may not in the decision of home affairs be of more value than that of her poorest subject who possesses a vote, yet in foreign questions it is obvious that her interest is beyond all comparison greater than that of any other single Englishman, and may even be compared to that of the nation itself. Hence it follows that, not only by virtue of her prerogative, but by the nature of things, she must be allowed a large personal share in the control of our foreign policy.

This is a conclusion which "Verax" cannot bear. So far from thinking that the monarch, as head of the executive power, should bear any part in the maintenance of his own honor, he holds that "the special functions claimed for the crown in relation to foreign politics are a survival from a former age when the monarch had a far larger share of direct power in most things than he has now." And again: "The supreme importance of foreign affairs is only another reason why the crown should stand aloof from them, and leave them in the hands of men who, whatever risks they may choose to adventure with the sovereign, are delegated by the nation to do the work, and are held responsible, even to the length of impeachment, for the manner in which they do it." It is therefore plain that, in the view of "Verax," the nation is not only competent

to decide on the direction of its internal interests, but to originate and control the course of foreign policy.

Now for our part we think it can be very conclusively proved, both from reason and experience, that a House of Commons, elected on the principle of numerical representation, is utterly unqualified for the functions which its flatterers would thrust upon it. Admitting, for argument's sake, that the course of history since the Reform Bill has proved that the common sense of the nation has been sufficient to settle prudently questions of domestic interest, this does not at all prove that it will judge with equal wisdom of its interests abroad. Self-government is merely an application of the principle, that average common sense is capable of forming sound opinions on matters lying within its own experience. The principle which undoubtedly works well in the parish has been extended to the nation; and it may be plausibly argued that the average wisdom of the nation is fairly represented in such measures as the abolition of the Corn Laws and the Education Act of 1870. On such subjects almost everybody is capable of forming an opinion; but on what grounds is it to be believed that the ordinary Englishman, ignorant of elementary geography, still more ignorant of history, unacquainted with foreign languages, manners, and modes of thought, and peculiarly susceptible of insular prejudice, can judge with sagacity of imperial questions, requiring the deepest knowledge of human nature, and the most accurate acquaintance with principle and detail? The disqualifications of such a person to direct the foreign policy of his country will appear still more glaring if we consider the extremely complex system on which that policy has been based ever since the outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

Previous to the Reformation the wars of Europe were almost entirely dynastic. After the Reformation and before the Revolution they rose partly out of dynastic questions, partly out of questions of opinion. But since the French Revolution every European war (though some of them were *occasioned* by dynastic jealousies) has been one of opinion. Whether they have been waged between absolutism and anarchy, between foreign conquerors and national insurgents, or between race and race, opinion has been the source of them all. Now the main question which since 1789 has distracted Europe, between authority on the one side, and liberty and

equality on the other, is one which England settled in her own fashion for herself in 1688. Her settlement was a compromise. Hence in almost every struggle that has occurred since the French Revolution, the interests of England collectively, and the sympathies of English parties and individuals, have been more or less divided between the rival causes. At the outset of the French Revolution the feelings of most Englishmen, and of Pitt among the rest, were on the side of the reformers. It was only after the murder of the king, the institution of the Jacobin propaganda, and the invasion of Belgium and Holland, that English opinion pronounced against the Revolution, and asserted the cause of constitutional liberty in the great war that terminated with the overthrow of Napoleon.

The objects for which England undertook that war, and which have continued to guide her foreign policy ever since, are lucidly stated in a despatch of Lord Grenville in 1799. After recommending the restoration of the Bourbons as the best means of securing peace and prosperity for France, Lord Grenville says:—

But desirable as such an event must be both to France and the world, it is not to this mode exclusively that his Majesty limits the possibility of secure and solid pacification. His Majesty makes no claim to prescribe what shall be the form of her government, or in whose hands she shall vest the authority necessary for conducting the affairs of a great and powerful nation. He looks only to the security of his own dominions, and to those of his allies and to the general safety of Europe. Whenever he shall judge that such security can in any manner be attained, as resulting from the internal situation of the country or from such other circumstances of whatever nature as may produce the same end, his Majesty will eagerly embrace the opportunity to concert with his allies the general means of pacification.

The principles here laid down are those which must necessarily govern the foreign policy of England as long as she remains a constitutional monarchy. Admitting, as she did, the fundamental justice of the principles of the Revolution of 1688, it would have been inconsistent if England had made war on France for the purpose of restoring the Bourbon dynasty. In spite, therefore, of her own opinion that the acknowledgment of her legitimate monarchs would be for the best interests of France, England refrains from interfering with the liberty of the French to determine their own form of government.

On the other hand, as the representative of a free and independent nation, the king asserts his right to resist the pretensions of France to impose her opinions on the rest of Europe, and declares that, if she does so, he will protect his own interests and those of his allies. It is impossible that the true limits of the doctrine of non-intervention could be more compendiously defined. Lord Grenville's policy maintains the balance between that state of absolute isolation, to which the Liberal interpreters of the doctrine are so anxious to reduce their country, and that perpetual interference in the affairs of other nations to which the absolutist and revolutionary parties on the Continent respectively resort, whenever either of them gains the upper hand.

We are aware that modern Liberals profess the doctrine that, after the treaty of Vienna, England entirely departed from the position which Lord Grenville had made her assume.

We are converts [said Sir W. Harcourt in the debate on the vote of supply] to a new political faith since 1815. The treaties of 1815 were negotiated by great statesmen, but they were gigantic blunders. There is nothing left of that treaty now. . . . The reason why that treaty has gone is that the negotiation was founded upon principles that were radically false. It was founded on dynastic arrangements; it was founded upon geographical puzzles; it was made to satisfy the ambition of rulers, and it neglected the interests and sympathies of the nationalities and populations. What was it that broke down the edifice that had been reared? What was the yeast which leavened the lump? It was the principle of nationalities. What makes Prince Bismarck so strong in Europe? It is because he has had the courage and wisdom to grasp the principle of nationality by which he has ground his foes to powder. What has made Austria so weak? It is because she has not recognized that principle. What has made Russia weak as the oppressor of Poland? What has made her so strong as the *vindicator of oppressed races, etc.*?

Astonishing words to be heard from the lips of one who is ambitious of being thought an English statesman! For they are neither more nor less than a repetition of the revolutionary principles which the speaker's ancestors combated with their blood and fortune for a whole generation, which the statesman whom he affects to admire resisted to the day of his death, and which even the leaders of his own party have strenuously repudiated. What was it but the principle of nationality, or the divine right of subjects to rise against

their rulers, which originated the invasion of Belgium and Holland in 1793, which resulted in the flagitious treaty of Campo Formio in 1797, which led to the oppression of Spain in 1808? All this was done by France under the Jacobins or Napoleon, precisely on the same pretences as those by which the oppressor of Poland constitutes herself the protector of the Eastern Christians. And even Fox and his followers, ready as they showed themselves to sacrifice the honor and independence of England to the idol of liberty, never bowed down before Napoleon as "the vindicator of oppressed races." But if it be true that after 1815 England became the convert to a new faith, why did she not prove the sincerity of her conversion in 1823, by aiding the revolutionists in Spain against the armies of France? What said Canning, Sir W. Harcourt's own favorite, on that occasion? Replying to Sir James Mackintosh, who had instituted a parallel between England under Elizabeth and under George IV., he said:—

Elizabeth was herself amongst the revolvers against the authority of the Church of Rome, but we are not amongst those who are engaged in a struggle against the spirit of unlimited monarchy. We have fought that fight. We have taken our station. We have long ago assumed a character different from those around us. It may have been the duty and interest of Queen Elizabeth to make common cause with, to put herself at the head of, those who supported the Reformation, *but can it be either our interest or our duty to ally ourselves with revolution?* . . . Our complex Constitution is established with so happy a mixture of its elements—its tempered monarchy and regulated freedom—that we have nothing to fear from foreign despotism, nothing at home but from capricious change. We have nothing to fear unless, distasteful of the blessings which we have earned and of the calm which we enjoy, we let loose again with rash hand the elements of our constitution, and set them once more to fight each other.

He concludes thus:—

Our station, then, is essentially neutral, neutral not only between contending nations but between contending principles. The object of the government has been to preserve that station, and for the purpose of preserving it to maintain peace.

When Donna Maria, the constitutional queen of Portugal, was forced from her throne by the usurper Dom Miguel, it was argued by the Liberals in England that we were bound by treaty to render her armed assistance. But Lord Aberdeen conclu-

sively showed that our engagements only held us to protect Portugal from foreign aggression, not to interfere in her internal arrangements. And the government of that day stopped the expedition which had started from our shores to help Donna Maria on the ground that it involved a breach of England's neutrality.

Lastly, in the debate on Mr. Roebuck's motion of June 25th, 1850, on the principles of foreign policy applied by Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel made his last speech, the peroration of which was as follows:—

It is my firm belief that you will not advance the cause of constitutional government by attempting to dictate to other nations. If you do, your intentions will be mistaken, you will rouse feelings upon which you do not calculate, you will invite opposition to government; and beware that the time does not arrive when you withdraw your countenance from those whom you have excited, and leave upon their mind the bitter recollection that you have betrayed them. . . . You are departing from the established policy of England; you are involving yourselves in difficulties, the extent of which you can hardly conceive; you are bestowing no aid on the cause of constitutional freedom, but are encouraging its advocates to look to you for aid instead of those efforts which can alone establish it, and upon the successful exertion of which alone it can be useful.

Thus at three different dates, by three ministers of the most various temper and character, the policy of intervention on behalf of the cause of "nationality" was disavowed and deprecated. On the other hand, Sir W. Harcourt has no grounds at all for implying that England took up an anti-national position at the Congress of Vienna. By a separate declaration Lord Castlereagh modified the eighth article of the Treaty of Alliance between Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia. This article, he says,—

is to be understood as binding the contracting parties, upon principles of mutual security, to a common effort against the power of Napoleon Bonaparte, in pursuance of the third article of the said treaty; *but is not to be understood as binding his Britannic Majesty to prosecute the war, with a view of imposing upon France any particular government.* However solicitous the prince regent must be to see his Most Christian Majesty restored to the throne, and however anxious he is to contribute, in conjunction with his allies, to so auspicious an event, he nevertheless deems himself called upon to make this declaration on the exchange of the ratifications, as well in consideration of what is due to his Most Christian Majesty's

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interests in France, *as in conformity to the principles upon which the British government has invariably regulated its conduct.*

These principles, the same that we have before seen advanced by Lord Grenville, are those by which England must still continue to shape her policy if she wishes to preserve her security and independence. But clear and consistent as the principles themselves are, the difficulties in applying them justly are innumerable, and we think that we shall be able to demonstrate from experience that the only way in which the nation can hope to steer safely between the Scylla of absolutism and the Charybdis of anarchy is by leaving the executive—we will go farther, and add the sovereign herself—just liberty in the conduct of foreign affairs.

The first difficulty that presents itself to the proper application of the principle of non-intervention is the unstable character of our alliances. Allies we must have if the equilibrium of Europe, so necessary to the peace and safety of England, is to be preserved; and yet from the mixed nature of our own constitution and the uncompromising nature of foreign politics, our friendships have seldom been of complete cordiality or long duration. During the present century the only governments which have remained unshaken by revolution are those of England and Russia; the others have oscillated between revolution and military force; and as our policy forbids us to cast in our lot with one or other of these causes, we are loved by the partisans of neither, and suspected by both. Nevertheless since 1815 we have contrived to maintain our position without loss of influence on the Continent. Through the reigns of Louis Philippe and the late emperor the relations of the English and French governments, in spite of antipathies and jealousies in each people, were intimate, and the western powers, from 1830 to 1870, were consequently a sufficient balance to the great military monarchies of northern and central Europe. Our policy has been to recognize, as far as possible, the *de facto* government in France, without regard to dynastic considerations; and the attitude we have had to assume in consequence is one requiring the greatest delicacy and reserve. How much of the desirable concord between France and England was due to the personal appreciation by Louis Philippe and his successor of the value of the English alliance, and to the tact and judgment with which their advances were met by the queen and the prince consort, may be seen in Mr. Mar-

tin's interesting narrative of the various visits exchanged between the monarchs of the two nations.

At the present moment, however, it seems as if the question of foreign alliances were not one with which England has any immediate concern, and we turn to consider a danger more likely to prove fatal to us than any want of co-operation abroad, namely the perils arising out of popular opinion at home. The policy of non-intervention, to be successful, requires the exercise of strict impartiality between the two extreme principles of action that divide nations and governments abroad; but the opinion of the majority of Englishmen has almost always been on one side. Their opinion is controlled by two main sentiments, the love of freedom and national pride. Careless and generous, the average Englishman wishes all the world to enjoy the same well-being as himself, and as he is conscious that he derives much of this well-being from his constitutional government, and is vaguely aware that his ancestors obtained their freedom by fighting for it, he is always on the side of subjects who rise against their rulers. French revolutionists, Spanish juntas, Italian republicans, Hungarian rebels, Polish patriots, have at various times in the century roused the English people to break away from their policy of non-intervention, in the hope of transplanting their own sacred constitution on to foreign soil. Now it is plain that, though much of this desire is due to democratic sympathy, still more is due to national pride. It pleased the popular imagination to think of England as the leader of European freedom, and to hear of foreign nations adopting constitutional government, because the notion was English. And as the whole drift of the policy the people desired was guided by sentiment, as they were entirely ignorant of the circumstances to which the policy would have to be applied, they were frequently awakened to a sense of reality by the disastrous failure of their expectations, which, however, they were seldom just enough to ascribe to their own ignorance. The fallibility of that public opinion, which "Verax" desires to be our pilot in foreign affairs, might be illustrated by a hundred examples since 1832, but it will be quite sufficient for our purpose to recall some of its exhibitions during the Crimean War.

Remembering, then, that at that period we were about to take the field against the greatest aggressive power in Europe, which, ever since the days of Peter the

Great, had pursued its object with rare steadiness and persistency, what, let us ask, was the temper in which the English constituencies, the masters of the English House of Commons, to which the English ministry was responsible, prepared for the conflict. The prince consort, with admirable humor, sketches the state of public opinion at the moment:—

Another mistake that people abroad make is to ascribe to England a policy based upon material interests and cold calculation. Her policy is one of pure feeling, and therefore, often illogical. The government is a popular government, and the masses upon whom it rests only feel and do not think. In the present instance their feeling is something of this sort: "The emperor of Russia is a tyrant, the enemy of all liberty on the Continent, the oppressor of Poland. He wanted to coerce the poor Turk. The Turk is a fine fellow; he has braved the rascal; let us rush to his assistance. The emperor is no gentleman, as he has spoken a lie to our queen. Down with the emperor of Russia! Napoleon forever! He is the nephew of his uncle whom we defeated at Waterloo. We were afraid of his invading us? Quite the contrary! He has forgotten all that is past, and is ready to fight with us for the glorious cause against the oppressor of liberty. He may have played the French some tricks, but they are an unruly set, and don't deserve any better. D— all the German princes who won't go with us against the Russian, because they think they want him to keep down their own people. The worst of them is the king of Prussia, who ought to know better."

Such being the "policy" of the masses, how much wisdom was shown by their more educated representatives, who claim to give an intelligent reflection of public opinion? For instance, "The defeat of the Turks at Sinope on our own element had made the people furious;" and what was the opinion of the press? The sinking of the fleet was ascribed to the treachery of—the prince consort. In one journal he was pointed at as "the chief agent of the Austro-Belgian-Coburg-Orleans clique, the avowed enemies of England, and the subservient tools of Russian ambition." It was suggested that there was an influence "behind the throne." It was imputed to the prince as a crime that "he was occasionally present at interviews between the queen and her ministers, that the queen discussed political questions with him, and that these had weight in guiding and strengthening the opinions of her Majesty." Worked up by these tremendous revelations, the public reached such an exalted pitch of feel-

ing, that they positively believed the prince had been arrested for high treason, and assembled in thousands to see him committed to the Tower. It of course required nothing but the meeting of Parliament to expose all these absurdities, and to establish, on the authority of all the leading statesmen of the day, the perfectly constitutional character of the prince's relations with the queen. Opinion as usual veered completely round, and the very journals which had been most bitter in their attacks on Prince Albert were now most servile in their flattery of him.

If, again, we turn to the House of Commons of this period as the truest image of a self-governed nation, we shall be unable to conclude that the opinion of the majority is a safe basis of national security and independence. In its readiness to grant supplies, and its determination to uphold the honor of the country, Parliament showed indeed all its traditional energy and patriotism. But as a deliberative assembly, claiming control over the actions of the executive, it can scarcely be said to have added to its reputation. It would be no doubt unjust to reproach it with not having foreseen, what no man in England could foresee, the utter collapse of our military system in the Crimea, but it might have been expected that the announcement of our first disasters should have been borne with patience and dignity, and that Parliament would have had the sagacity to perceive the cause of failure, and to suggest a remedy. As a matter of fact, the House of Commons belied both these moderate expectations. It had voted supplies for the war with an intense and patriotic belief that the arms of England could accomplish whatever they were called upon to achieve, and in the reaction of disappointment it reflected the popular belief that treachery must have been at work to prevent its hopes from being realized. *Les malheureux ont toujours tort*, and instead of laying the blame where it was really due, on the system which had so long approved itself to our constitutional notions of government, Parliament was determined to visit its resentment on some human head connected with the executive. The victim it had selected was once again the prince consort. When Mr. Roebuck had obtained his committee of inquiry, he told the Duke of Newcastle that he expected to discover but little, since "in a high quarter there had been a determination that the expedition should not succeed, which had been suggested to headquarters." The duke said that he

supposed Mr. Roebuck was alluding to himself. "Oh, no!" said the other, "I mean a much higher person than you; I mean Prince Albert." When the chief mover of an inquiry, which was clearly of an unconstitutional nature, was on such a hopelessly false scent, there is little cause for surprise that the committee should have labored without result.

But the most curious effects of popular opinion on the foreign policy of England are to be traced in its influence on those who wield the force of the nation, the responsible ministers of the crown. So long as affairs were directed by a ministry supported by the whole power of the crown, and answerable only to a House of Commons elected from the close boroughs, it was possible for men like Grenville and Castlereagh to hold a firm and consistent course. But, even before the reform of Parliament, opinion had become so overwhelmingly strong that it threatened to carry with it the rulers who sought to control it, and its power was the more felt in proportion as the foreign minister was a man of spirit and imagination. In such men the desire to utilize and direct the force which they were unable to resist became almost a passion. Canning was the first great English statesman who was exposed to the full strength of popular impulse. "Let us not deceive ourselves," writes M. Marcellus to Chateaubriand, "in regard to Mr. Canning. Still undecided, he is yet in suspense between the monarchical opinions, which have made his former renown, and the popular favor, which has recently borne him forwards to power; but as he attends above all to the echo of public opinion, and spreads his sails before the wind which blows it, it is easy to see to which side he will incline." This criticism, it is true, does not strike us as quite just. Canning was far too great a man ever to bow meekly before the popular will, but his imagination and his patriotism were equally strong, and he felt how vast a force was public opinion if directed towards a national end. We have seen him before holding to the principle of non-intervention when pressed to resist the French invasion of Spain in 1823; there can be no doubt that it was the fervor of his English feeling which prompted his misapplication of the principle in the case of the Spanish colonies, and inspired his famous declaration that "he had called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old."

His mantle fell upon Lord Palmerston, a statesman in most respects unlike him

in character, but resembling him in the energy and intensity of his English feeling. Lord Palmerston first became foreign secretary during the agitation preceding the Reform Bill, and served in almost every ministry from that date to the time of his death. Floated into power on the great wave of popular opinion, which was then overspreading Europe, he had to apply the policy of non-intervention at a time when almost every nation was seized with a passion for adopting constitutional government. Europe was in the midst of the long peace, and peace was not the condition of things best suited to Lord Palmerston's genius.

A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high

He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

Over and over again he brought the nation into danger, and the crown into difficulties by the ardor with which he pushed his constitutional propaganda. In 1848 his lectures to the Spanish government were rejected by those to whom they were addressed, as "offensive to the dignity of a free and independent nation." In the same year he sanctioned the withdrawal of guns from the government stores for the purpose of sending them to the Sicilian insurgents. The insurrection failed, and "the English government" (we quote Mr. Martin) "was charged, not without some show of justice, with having encouraged the Sicilians to resistance, and then deserting them in their extremity. Yet neither the prime minister, nor the cabinet, nor of course the crown, were aware of the proceedings by which the popular foreign secretary had jeopardized the honor of his country." In 1850 the queen addressed a memorandum to Lord John Russell, in which she explained what she required of the foreign secretary. Her conditions were two:—

1. That the secretary shall distinctly state what he proposes in a given case, in order that the queen may know as distinctly to what she has given her royal sanction.

2. Having once given her sanction to a measure, that it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the minister.

The spirit of these rules was distinctly violated by Lord Palmerston in 1851, when in conversation with the French ambassador in London he expressed his approbation of the *coup d'état* in Paris, after Lord Normanby, our ambassador in that city,

had been instructed to do and say "nothing which could wear the appearance of an interference of any kind in the internal affairs of France." As is well known, this matter led to Lord Palmerston's dismissal from office. There can be no doubt that his system of constant interference in the affairs of foreign countries was not only a departure from our traditional policy, but a source of weakness to the country. Its effects are summed up in a remark of the late emperor of the French on hearing of Lord Palmerston's removal: "*Autant qu'il était ministre l'Angleterre n'avait point d'alliés.*"

Unsuited as Lord Palmerston was to conduct the foreign affairs of England in time of peace, his energy, capacity, and popularity made him just the man to take the helm in the presence of danger and excitement. His predecessor, Lord Aberdeen, forms a singular contrast to him in this respect, and offers another striking example of the effects of public opinion on the position of the ministers of the crown in regard to foreign affairs. Without any of Lord Palmerston's vigor, Lord Aberdeen had more caution; he thoroughly understood the difficulties of our situation on the eve of the Crimean War, but he wanted clearness of understanding for making those warlike preparations beforehand which would have enabled him to preserve peace. The consequence was, that by his weakness he deceived the emperor Nicholas, and thus drifted into that war. He was altogether out of sympathy with the public; his feebleness and spirit of concession only aroused their indignation; they were utterly unable to appreciate the grounds of his caution, and he was equally incapable of understanding the source of their enthusiasm. On principle he allowed the necessity of the war, but he could never bring himself to share his countrymen's hostility to the nation which he regarded as an old friend and ally.

Lord Palmerston was able to bring the Crimean War to a triumphant conclusion because he had the confidence of the country, which was therefore disposed to leave him liberty of action. But before he assumed the lead, the winds and cross-currents of opinion had reduced the counsels of the nation to something like distraction. After the outburst of public indignation which followed the disclosure of the state of the army, just at the time when it was most necessary for the cabinet to hold loyally together, for the sake of the public interest and the honor of the sovereign,

Lord John Russell chose to make himself the mouthpiece of popular discontent in the ministry, and to demand the resignation of the Duke of Newcastle. When his demand was refused, he acquiesced in the decision, but on Mr. Roebuck's motion for a select committee of inquiry he resigned, because, as he said, "he did not see how the motion was to be resisted." The motion was consequently carried by an enormous majority, and the spectacle was then presented to the world of the queen of England vainly endeavoring to find a body of gentlemen who would uphold the honor of their sovereign and the cause of their country in the hour of difficulty. Lord Derby failed to form a ministry because he could not obtain the promise of sufficient support; Lord John Russell, because after his recent conduct his old colleagues refused to serve with him; Lord Lansdowne declined office on account of his age and infirmities; and even Lord Palmerston had the greatest difficulty in securing the co-operation of the Peelites. Nor were his troubles at an end after his government had been formed, for the Peelites soon resigned, and he had presently to resist the attacks of one who, in his capacity of chancellor of the exchequer, had proposed a war budget, but who had now, in the moment of need and pressure, deserted into the ranks of the party for peace at any price. We quote Lord Palmerston's remarks on this occasion, not only because we consider them entirely just as directed against Mr. Gladstone, but also because they aptly illustrate the dangers to which constitutional governments are exposed from statesmen who leave the anchorage of principle to drift on the tides of opinion and circumstance.

Sir, there must indeed be grave reasons which could induce a man who had been a party with her Majesty's government to that line of policy, who had assisted in conducting the war; who had, after full and perhaps unexampled deliberation, agreed to enter upon the war; who, having concurred after that full and mature deliberation in the commencement of the war, had also joined in calling upon the country for great sacrifices in order to continue it, and who had, up to a very recent period, assented to all the measures proposed for its continuance; I say there must indeed be grave reasons which could induce a man who had been so far a party in the measures of the government utterly to change his opinions; to declare this war utterly unnecessary, unjust, and impolitic; to set before the country all the imaginary disasters with which his fancy could supply him, and to magnify and exaggerate the forces of the enemy and the difficulties of our position.

If with such dissensions in cabinets, jealousies between individual ministers, confusion in Parliament, and ignorance among the masses, the direction of England's affairs abroad had been left, as "Verax" wishes, altogether in the hands of men "delegated by the people to do the work," it is more than probable that we should have come out of the Crimean War defeated and dishonored. Fortunately there was one part of the constitution, raised alike above the passions of party and the fluctuations of opinion, which was able to impress on our foreign policy the image of its own firmness and unity of purpose. History will record that many of the advantages secured to Europe, and much of the glory accruing to England from the Treaty of Paris, are due to the exertions of the English crown. Though neither the queen nor her husband appeared prominently before the public, there was scarcely an idea connected with the design and general scope of the campaign which did not originate in some royal suggestion. How clearly the prince consort understood the traditional principle of English policy which was involved in the war, may be seen from his "Memorandum," dated October 21st, 1853:—

It will be said that England and Europe have a strong interest, setting aside all Turkish considerations, that Constantinople and the Turkish territory should not fall into the hands of Russia, and that they should in the last extremity even go to war to prevent such an overthrow of the balance of power. This must be admitted, and such a war may be right and wise. But this would be a war *not for the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire*, but merely for the interests of the European powers of civilization. It ought to be carried on unshackled by obligations to the Porte, and will probably lead in the peace, which must be the object of that war, to the obtaining of arrangements more consonant with the well-understood interests of Europe, of Christianity, liberty, and civilization, than the re-imposition of the ignorant barbarian and despotic yoke of the Mussulman over the most fertile and favored portion of Europe.

The double purpose implied in this memorandum, of restraining the ambition of Russia and securing the better government of the subject races of Turkey, did not commend itself to Lord Palmerston, whose nature always prompted him to a strong and one-sided policy. Nor was it effectually achieved by the Treaty of Paris, the course of events having made it almost necessary in pursuance of English policy to leave the sultan independence of action within his own dominions. But

the wisdom and foresight of the views thus expressed have been sufficiently proved by the too plausible pretexts which Russian craft has been able to weave out of the persistency of Turkish misgovernment.

From war in the last resort it would have been impolitic and dishonorable of England to have shrunk. But before committing her country to so bloody an arbitrament, the queen used all her personal influence to prevail over the purpose of the czar, and to bring the pressure of a European concert to compel him to relinquish his designs. He had appealed to her by letter against the policy of her ministers, and she answered him firmly and courteously, upholding that policy. Austria and Prussia admitted the iniquity of the Russian aggression, but they were restrained by their mutual jealousies from opposing it. The king of Prussia wrote to the queen a letter excusing his inaction, and advancing much the same plea for his "industrious Rhinelanders" as has lately been employed on behalf of "the Pomeranian ploughman." The queen's reply was worthy of the country that had stood the chief brunt of war against Napoleon:—

When your Majesty tells me that "you are now determined to assume an attitude of complete neutrality," . . . I do not understand you. Had such language fallen from the king of Hanover or of Saxony I could have understood it. But up to the present time I have regarded Prussia as one of the five great powers which since the peace of 1815 have been the guarantors of treaties, the guardians of civilization, the champions of right and ultimate arbitrators of the nations; and I have for my part felt the holy duty to which they were thus divinely called, being at the same time perfectly alive to the obligations, various as these are and fraught with danger, which it imposes. Renounce these obligations, my dear brother, and in doing so you renounce for Prussia the status she has hitherto held. And if the example thus set should find imitators, European civilization is abandoned as a plaything for the winds; right will no longer find a champion, nor the oppressed an umpire to appeal to.

On the other hand, her Majesty displayed the most skilful tact in cementing our alliance with the *parvenu* emperor of the French, who was himself rejoiced at being able to strengthen his position by his intimacy with the occupant of so old and venerable a throne as that of England. And when once war became inevitable, she endeavored to compensate for the coldness of her first minister by the heart-

iness with which she identified herself with the national sentiment. Lord Aberdeen, in a reply to Lord Lyndhurst's memorable speech of June 19, 1854, had been betrayed into what appeared like a defence of Russia, and the queen, well understanding the unseasonableness of such an utterance, wrote to him in consequence as follows:—

The qualities in Lord Aberdeen's character which the queen values most highly, his candor and his courage in expressing opinions, even if opposed to general feelings at the moment, are in this instance dangerous to him, and the queen hopes that in the vindication of his own conduct to-day—which ought to be triumphant, as it wants in fact no vindication—he will not undertake the ungrateful and injurious task of vindicating the emperor of Russia from any of the exaggerated charges brought against him and his policy, at a time when there is enough in that policy to make us fight with all our might against it.

Yet in the midst of the difficulties to which Lord Aberdeen was afterwards exposed from the indignation of the people and the defections of his colleagues, the queen stood by him, and to testify her respect for his loyalty and sincerity, offered him the Order of the Garter, expressed to him at the same time "how deeply she was impressed by the admirable temper, forbearance, and firmness with which Lord Aberdeen had conducted the whole of a very difficult and annoying transaction."

To the prince consort's sagacity was due the plan of weekly reports from the Crimea by means of tabular returns, which did so much towards remedying the disasters caused by the first collapse of our military administration. The prince also furnished a memorandum on army organization, as to the merits of which it will be sufficient to quote the opinion of General Hamley, that "it has been the aim of military reformers since to embody all its suggestions, and that all have been put in practice with the exception of certain points of detail with which the memorandum either does not deal at all, or only imperfectly." Indeed, in every department connected with the army, the prince's anxiety for the success of the expedition was visible. "If," said the Duke of Newcastle, in reply to Mr. Roebuck's insinuations, "during the time of my official duties I have received any suggestions which were more valuable to me than others, they did not come from your friends the Napiers, but from Prince Albert."

Thus both in its capacity as sovereign

of the nation, as chief of the great council of the kingdom, and as the commander of the army, the personal influence of the crown made itself beneficially felt. It was more touchingly manifested in the exercise of its functions as the fountain of honor. Let those who think that all feudal feeling is extinct in England read the following extract from a letter of the queen to the king of the Belgians:—

Ernest will have told you what a beautiful and touching sight and ceremony (the first of the kind ever witnessed in England) the distribution of the medals was. From the highest prince of the blood to the lowest private, all received the same distinction for the bravest conduct in the severest actions, and the rough hand of the brave and honest private soldier came for the first time in contact with that of their sovereign and their queen. Noble fellows! I own I feel as if they were my own children—my heart beats for them as for my nearest and dearest! They were so touched, so pleased—many, I hear, cried; and they won't hear of giving up their medals to have their names engraved upon them for fear that they should not receive the identical ones put into their hands by me!

Mr. Martin's third volume brings his biography of the prince consort down to within a few years of his death. Looking back over the exciting period of European history which has passed since that event, and reflecting on their own present circumstances, the people of England, when they close his book, will be conscious of two prevailing sentiments. They will, in the first place, feel a deep and respectful sympathy with their sovereign who, for the last seventeen years, has had to meet the increasing perils and difficulties by which her empire is surrounded, unassisted by the calm judgment which encouraged and advised her in the earlier portion of her reign. And in the second place, when they recall the suspicions and imputations to which the prince was exposed from popular passion and prejudice, at the very moments when he was laboring most indefatigably for the good of his adopted country, they will be sensible of the irreparable loss they have incurred themselves.

*Virtutem incolumen odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis querimus invidi.*

Since the death of the prince consort, the whole aspect of affairs on the Continent has altered, and strange modifications have consequently been introduced into our foreign policy. Repressed for a moment in 1815, the great wave of democracy gathered fresh force during the long peace between that date and 1848, when it re-

turned and dashed with irresistible force against every throne in Europe. That epoch may be said to have been the carnival of opinion. Doctrinaire statesmen, philosophical poets, scientific historians, and political economists, united their efforts against the powers of Catholicism and feudalism. The principles of liberty and equality were assumed as axiomatic by all who desired a reputation for wisdom and virtue. Opinion was everywhere hailed as the great nostrum which was to liberate and purify mankind; and each saw in his own particular opinion the image of the perfection towards which he asserted humanity to be travelling. All over Europe there was a passion for the establishment of equal rights and free institutions. But how was this ideal of liberty and equality, so passionately longed for, pursued? Not by means of opinion, but of force; not by legality, but by revolution and war. To destroy the strongholds of absolutism and to achieve national independence, all the local, traditional, and hereditary ties that gave variety and color to the smaller societies of Europe were remorselessly swept away. The end may have been worth the price, but the price was great, nor was the state of things actually realized in the least like what had been dreamed by the philosophers. The individual equality secured by the demolition of ranks and traditions formed a basis, not for constitutional liberty, but for European war.

Scarcely had the mutual congratulations between the nations, occasioned by the Great Exhibition of 1851, ceased, when war broke out between Russia and England and France. The Treaty of Paris had only been signed three years when the battles of Solferino and Magenta deprived Austria of a large portion of her Italian dominions. Within almost an equally short period, Austria and Prussia made their joint attack on Denmark; and the very next year Austria was excluded from the German Confederation and was forced to surrender Venice in consequence of her disastrous defeat at Sadowa. In 1870 occurred the still more terrible conflict between France and Germany, since which time every great nation in Europe, with the exception of England, has been a vast armed camp. And this state of things, so far from being temporary, appears to us to be the natural consequence of the application of the principle of equality. Individual aspirations liberated by the destruction of local rights gravitated to a single centre, and the unity of each

nation was represented solely by its military force. Instead of wars between rival monarchs, whose ambition was checked by personal fear or prudence, wars now arose between nation and nation, and race and race, and were liable to be as general in their extension as they were capricious in their cause.

But while force was thus reaping the fruits of opinion on the Continent, the power of opinion in England continued to expand and increase. After the Crimean War, the repeal of the duty on paper enormously increased the number and circulation of the daily journals; the influence of the moneyed classes, always the most powerful in forming opinion, was continually growing; and though during the lifetime of Lord Palmerston reform was practically shelved, his death was a signal to both parties to bid for power by a wide extension of the franchise. The influences of this vast collective mass of moving opinion were seen in the domestic legislation of the Gladstone ministry in their term of power after 1868.

A passion for reform had seized upon the public mind. There was not an interest in the country that was not attacked, not an institution that was not put upon its trial, not an endowment that was not threatened by popular opinion. The love of analysis manifested itself in our art and letters. Poets and men of literary taste turned philosophers, and amused the imagination of the people with speculative and religious paradox. Meantime the wealth of the country was advancing, as Mr. Gladstone said, with "leaps and bounds," and this, being coincident with the great development of opinion and self-government, confirmed the nation in the belief that it was on the high road to the millennium. The genius of England had, in short, become completely introspective.

Such a state of things had of course a powerful influence on the course of our foreign policy. After the revolutionary era closed in 1848, the just application of the principle of non-intervention became more difficult than ever. There was now no longer any temptation to interfere, as Lord Palmerston had so frequently done, on behalf of nations struggling for free institutions. The peoples had won the day against their rulers, in fact, if not in appearance: all government on the Continent had henceforth a basis more or less democratic, and all wars a more or less popular origin. The democratic motives of these wars took from them the appearance of aggression, and consequently pre-

vented England, even where, as in the war of Denmark with the German powers, her sympathies were strongly enlisted, from interfering in behalf of European right. Her policy of non-intervention grew, therefore, into a confirmed habit of abstention from Continental quarrels. Absorbed in domestic legislation, the people of England began to regard all affairs outside their own island with a merely scenic interest. They read the foreign correspondence with which their daily press so ably supplied them, with the same kind of zest as they devoured the last new novel or rushed to look at the last new rope-dancer. Their attitude to the world was like that of the gods of Epicurus, so finely described by the poet:—

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts
are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds
are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the
gleaming world;
Where they smile in secret, looking over
wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake,
roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sink-
ing ships, and praying hands.

Wide as these lotus-bred notions had spread, there was something startling, even to those who indulged in them, in the uncompromising terms in which they were expressed, during the heat of the war between France and Germany, by the *Edinburgh Review* of October 1870:—

Happy England! [exclaimed the reviewer in a patriotic transport]. Happy, not because any Immaculate Conception exempted her from that original sin of nations, the desire to erect will into right, and the lust of territorial aggrandizement. Happy, not only because she is *felix proles virum*, because this united kingdom is peopled by a race unsurpassed as a whole in its energies and endowments; but happy, with a special reference to the present subject, in this, that the wise dispensation of Providence has cut her off by that streak of silver sea which passengers so often and so justly execrate, though in no way from the duties and honors, yet partly from the dangers, absolutely from the temptations, which attend upon the local neighborhood of the Continental nations.

And the conclusion of the whole matter was:—

One accomplishment yet remains needful to enable us to hold without envy our free and eminent position. It is that we should do as we should be done by; that we should seek to found a moral empire upon the confidence of

the nations, not upon their fears, their passions, or their antipathies. Certain it is that a new law of nations is gradually taking hold of the mind, and coming to sway the practice of the world; a law which recognizes independence, which frowns upon aggression, which favors the pacific, not the bloody settlement of disputes, which aims at permanent, not temporary adjustments; *above all, which recognizes as a tribunal of paramount authority the general judgment of civilized mankind.*

Such, with the recollection of four bloody wars within his experience, with the spectacle of two of the greatest nations in Europe engaged in a struggle for life and death almost before his eyes, such was, in 1870, the view of England's foreign policy as expressed — so it is universally believed — by her prime minister! The force of opinion "could no further go." Nor was it long before Mr. Gladstone had an opportunity for reducing these opinions to practice. Scarcely had the siege of Paris ended, when a stern voice was heard from the north demanding the excision from the Treaty of 1856 of all the clauses relating to the neutralization of the Black Sea. What followed is remembered by Englishmen too plainly to need repetition. But we had still another cheek to turn to the smiter. Our shrewd transatlantic kinsfolk saw their opportunity of driving a good bargain with the nation which had propounded the new political morality. The Geneva arbitration on the "Alabama" claims was arranged, and by "a tribunal of paramount authority representing the general judgment of the civilized world," we were fined to the amount of 3,000,000*l.* for observing the conditions of our own municipal law.

These experiences of real life acted like the healthy shock of a shower-bath on the over-excited condition of public opinion, and the elections of 1874 showed very clearly that "Philip had become sober." But another and still more severe experience was required before the nation could be completely cured of the ideology which had so inveterately infected it. Of all questions of foreign policy the one with which public opinion was least qualified to deal was the Eastern question, for this was essentially two-sided, and public opinion can never fix itself on more than one thing at a time. The prince consort had shown his sagacity by divining — as we have shown in our extract from his memorandum — that the object of the Crimean War was not primarily the independence and integrity of the Turkish empire, but the restriction of Russian am-

bition and the amelioration of the condition of the Christian subjects of Turkey. Neither of these objects was completely attained by the Treaty of Paris. The former was indeed apparently secured by the prince consort's ingenious device of the diplomatic guarantee, and the latter by the firman which the Porte granted to all its subjects, without distinction. And it may well be doubted, looking to the disposition of the German powers, and to England's essential principle of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other States, if greater results were possible. But the diplomatic guarantee only bound the powers to *collective* action in defence of Turkey; and the disclaimer of the right to interfere within the sultan's dominions made it impossible to urge the execution of the promised reforms by anything more effectual than diplomatic pressure.

In the summer of 1875 an insurrection, very obscure in its origin, broke out in the Herzegovina. It was followed at first with but languid interest by the English public; but the interest deepened when Serbia joined the quarrel. Opinion became at once divided; the majority favoring the Turk for the sake of old associations, the Liberal minority siding, as usual, with the insurgent nationalities. But there was nothing like a stir of national sentiment till, in consequence of the request of Sir H. Elliott, the British fleet moved to Besika Bay. The object of the movement was suspected by both parties to be different from what it was asserted to be and what it really was. Even then, however, there was no passionate outburst of opinion from the Liberal party. This was reserved for the moment when the Bulgarian atrocities were first announced in the columns of a morning paper. Then was seen the enormous power which the telegraph and the press exert over all governments. Maddened by the horrors emulously portrayed to their imagination by the vivid word-painting of the newspaper correspondents, the feelings of the people broke beyond all bounds. Henceforth men could think, dream, and speak of nothing but atrocities; the Bulgarian massacre absorbed their minds and appeared to them the only basis on which to found a foreign policy. The electric current passed over the kingdom. Mayor after mayor called public meetings, which in their proceedings bore a strong resemblance to that famous assembly of which "the more part knew not wherefore they were come together," and which "cried out for the space of two hours, 'Great is

Diana of the Ephesians!" And, as if it was the business of statesmen to add fuel to the popular flame, the ex-premier, when the agitation had reached its height, wrote a pamphlet on "Bulgarian Horrors," in which the quondam apostle of complete "abstention" proposed to turn the Mussulman power "bag and baggage" out of Europe. Throughout the country, poets, historians, professors, High Churchmen and Dissenters, appeared on public platforms, denouncing with equal vigor the "unspeakable" Turk and the bloodthirsty premier.

Meantime the great autocratic power, representing force in Europe, showed that it understood perfectly well how to take advantage of this paroxysm of opinion. Russia had avoided the error she had committed in 1853 of showing her hand too soon, and during the early stages of the insurrection had kept herself well in the background. More than suspected of having fomented the rising in the Slav provinces, and of having suggested to the Porte the military arrangements which occasioned the Bulgarian massacre, she had observed a studious moderation till she perceived that she might safely appear in the character she had designed. Then, with the applause of a great section of the English public, and urged on, as she said, by the feeling of her own subjects, she stood forth, like another Ferdinand of Aragon, as the protector of the Christians against their Mussulman oppressors. Like a threatening cloud the vast armies she had mobilized hung over the conference at which the plenipotentiaries of the powers met to discuss the affairs of Turkey. When the conference broke up without result, in consequence of the refusal of the Turks to submit to what they considered a violation of their independence, Russia assumed the rôle of armed delegate of Europe, and declared war against Turkey. Beaten back at first in Armenia, and checked by the gallant defence of Plevna, the Russians held to their object with all their national tenacity; Kars was taken; Plevna capitulated; and, while English Liberals were still speaking of the "divine figure from the north," the English people were suddenly awakened to a real sense of their situation by the rapid march of the Muscovite army across the Balkans, and by the appearance of the vanguard before the walls of Constantinople.

Beati possidentes! The success of Russia has been due to the rare mixture of astuteness, dissimulation, and daring

with which, as the possessor of autocratic force, she has been able to direct her policy. We altogether dissent from those omniscient guides of opinion, who have recently taken advantage of the strength they derive from having consistently opposed Russia, to pour the most rancorous abuse on their own government as the author of the difficulties in which we find ourselves. Let us at any rate be just even if we are angry. Our difficulties are due not to the ministry, but to ourselves. As a people taking pride in governing itself, the English nation has not thought fit to leave its rulers full liberty of choice in the direction of its foreign affairs. From the commencement of the insurrection down to the period of the Bulgarian massacres, the ministry had guided their policy by a strict observance of the Treaty of Paris and the traditional principle of non-intervention. They had acceded reluctantly, and only at the request of the Porte, to the Andrassy Note, and they refused to be parties to the Berlin Memorandum, because these measures appeared to them infringements of the ninth article of the treaty, which prohibits any interference on the part of the guaranteeing powers with the internal administration of Turkey. Up to this point their hands had been free, and had the Bulgarian episode not occurred, we do not doubt that any appearance of aggression on the part of Russia would have provoked the same kind of spirit in the country as has been lately manifested. In that case we should certainly not have gone to the conference at Constantinople till Russia had demobilized her army. But after the outburst of popular passion following the massacres, after the refusal of the Turks to accept the proposals of the conference, formed on the basis we had proposed ourselves, the only policy open to a ministry acting on the principle of non-intervention was conditional neutrality. Such a policy was obviously attended with the gravest dangers; some of the incidents in its execution have borne an appearance of weakness and indecision; but, on the whole, we ought to admit that under conditions of unexampled difficulty the ministry have done their duty steadily and manfully, and have deserved well of the country. The weaknesses of our policy are inseparable from our constitutional system, and if we are manly enough to understand the value of that system, instead of crying out against a ministry whose action we have hampered, we shall try to learn the lesson that our present circumstances teach us.

This lesson will be by no means the one which "Verax" is anxious to inculcate. We have dwelt at length on the principles underlying constitutional government in general, and on the historical development of our own constitution in particular, because we think that the evidence shows very conclusively that the English constitution has nothing of the fixed character of, for instance, that of the United States. "Verax," it appears to us, is a political Rip van Winkle. His arguments are applicable to the state of things existing in the reign of George III., but not to the circumstances of the reign of Queen Victoria. When the nation in 1832 asserted its capacity to govern itself, it obviously occupied a very different position, relatively to the crown, from the state of pupillage in which it existed when the Whig aristocracy was defending its rights against the encroachments of the royal prerogative. What then does "Verax" mean by saying that, if the nation finds that the sovereign plays any part more active than that of a royal dummy, "danger commences for one party, though hardly for both"? If the danger is to the crown, does he find that his countrymen generally are murmuring at the revelations of "personal rule" made by the "Life of the Prince Consort"? But if he thinks it is the people whose security is imperilled, then "Verax" must choose between one of two alternatives; either the nation, by asserting its qualifications to govern itself, has proclaimed its ability to protect itself against the royal prerogative, or else it is so open to the influence at the disposal of the crown that it is not qualified for self-government. Now, we do not think that the latter of these conclusions is warranted. The course of our argument has gone to show that the centre of gravity in our constitution has at different periods oscillated perilously between the opposing poles of force and opinion. We have seen it under the Stuarts travelling too far in the direction of force; we have seen it of late recoiling equally overmuch to the side of opinion. Is it not possible that now, when the crown has been restored to its old unity with the people, we may be entering on a period when force and opinion will be able to resettle themselves in a just equilibrium?

To decide on this point, let us try to see distinctly how we stand; and first, with regard to the state of parties. "Party," says Burke, "is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavor the national interest upon some particular prin-

ciple on which they are all agreed." How far is this condition fulfilled at the present moment by the party that calls itself Liberal? Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that the principle of numerical representation is developed to its logical extreme by the passing of a bill for the assimilation of the borough and county franchise. What would the party we are speaking of *agree* to do next. Mr. Chamberlain leads off glibly enough with a fine cry of "Free Church! Free Schools! Free Land!" But he is met by a soft murmur of deprecation from Mr. Bright, "Pray let us have no programme! The true Liberal frame of mind, manifested in speeches for peace at any price, and recollections of the Anti-Corn-Law League, is what we want." Mr. Goldwin Smith, however, dashes to the front, and, after administering some hearty cuffs to the "Whig oligarchy," suggests to them that they had better fall in with the earnest Radicals and pass the word for "Liberty and Nonconformity!" But he is immediately reminded by Mr. Matthew Arnold, with his usual urbanity, that he is a "political Puritan," and that "one of the great obstacles to our civilization is British Nonconformity and the other British aristocracy." Turning then to Lord Hartington, Mr. Arnold proposes to him to address his Scotch audience as follows: "The cause of your being ill at ease is not what you suppose. The cause of your being ill at ease is the profound imperfectness of your social civilization. Your social civilization is indeed such as I forbear to characterize. But the remedy is not disestablishment. The remedy is social equality. Let me turn your attention to a reform in the law of bequest and entail."* Such an address, he says, would doubtless be received with laughter; but he advises us to think over it. And for our part we should be exceedingly glad to know the character of Lord Hartington's reflections on the interesting suggestion which Mr. Arnold has put into his mouth.

We are disposed to make every allowance for the difficult position in which our Liberal friends are placed. They have to contrive some course of action which may preserve union among themselves, and please the imagination of the majority of their countrymen. And it is by no means easy to fascinate the fancy of Englishmen with any ideal which does not promise a practical increase in the amount of well-being of which they know themselves to

be possessed; nor, even if promises attract them, are they inclined to take them on trust. They know and value the benefits which they have derived from their ancient liberty, but they doubt if they will increase these by entering on a course of destruction with Mr. Smith and Mr. Chamberlain. No doubt the prospect of an increase of religious life in the nation is a desirable end to be achieved, but will it be achieved by disestablishment? We suspect that the more serious-minded of the non-political Dissenters, who turn their eyes to the present condition of the Irish Church, will have some hesitation in affirming that all the spiritual results which were prophesied have followed the disestablishment and disendowment of that institution. We doubt, too, whether High Churchmen, when they look to the same quarter, however much they may complain of the oppression of courts of law, will be inclined to support Mr. Chamberlain in his demand for a *free* Church. Nor will there be many to agree with our English Quesnay in his refined distaste for inequality. We are all of us "ill at ease;" but most of us are shrewd enough to know that the cause of our being so is not "the profound imperfectness of our social civilization," but the radical imperfectness of our own nature. While we agree with Mr. Arnold in thinking that this will not be cured by disestablishment, we are equally sure that the remedy is not to be found in "social equality;" and we believe that most Englishmen who desire relief will seek it not in the maxims of Menander, but in the consolations administered for more than eighteen hundred years by the religion which Mr. Arnold has lately taken under his special patronage and protection.

Now if new party lines cannot be constituted, it is certain that the old will be abused. Already we see attempts being made to disguise the absence of genuine party differences in the constituencies by the mechanical operations of the American "caucus." Inside the House of Commons the measures of government are exposed to the criticisms of half-a-dozen separate and irresponsible oppositions. By one of these, consisting of some five or six members, the venerable forms of the House, the heritage of times when the Commons had good reasons for protecting the liberties of the minority, are used for the complete stoppage of public business. On the other side the irresponsible supporters of the ministry, conscious of the strength which their leaders derive from their serried phalanx, seek to share in the enjoy-

ment of power by bringing the executive more and more under their influence. The whole House groans under the weight of the duties with which it has charged itself since it abandoned its old functions of control to take the initiative in legislation. At one time transformed into a debating-society, at another into a vestry, it becomes every year more incapable of accomplishing the tasks which its ambition has undertaken. Meantime the imperial business which calls for despatch is vast and various. At home the nation has to encounter great and increasing difficulties, connected with the population crowded in its ever-growing cities; it has to purify and ennoble the public taste, by making the architecture of the State worthy of the State's imperial character; to purge the rivers of the acids by which they are poisoned; and as far as possible to preserve the features of its once beautiful country from the plague of smoke by which they are disfigured. Greater still are its responsibilities abroad. For the first time in the history of the world a free nation finds itself the master of a mighty empire. It extends its sway over a hundred *self-governed* colonies. It has assumed directly the government of two hundred millions of men originally subdued by the private enterprise of its own sons. How can these great matters, in which the whole *unity* of the nation is involved, be settled by the distractions of party government? What hope is there of Parliament dealing with them successfully, unless it falls into its proper place as part of the grand council of the realm?

When the Romans had acquired empire, and found that their old constitutional machinery was inadequate to the administration of their affairs, they deliberately chose to retain empire at the cost of liberty. Such would not be the choice of the English, even if the choice were forced upon them. But if they are the true children of their fathers, Englishmen will show that they know how to maintain both liberty and empire by placing full confidence in their sovereign. Our empire rests upon opinion, and the crown is the centre to which all sound opinion, independently of party, should gravitate. Her Majesty and all the members of the royal family have shown how clearly they understand that the interests of the crown and the nation are identical; and, in the opportunities of collecting, centralizing, and directing opinion, it is plain that no influence can compare with that of the monarch. We ought not to refuse to con-

template possibilities because they seem to be remote. Let us suppose that parties disappeared, and Parliament, once more deliberately confining itself to its old office of control, left all initiative in the hands of the executive. What obstacle would be thereby opposed to rising energy and ambition? Honor and place would still be open to all who distinguished themselves in council. Ministers no doubt would be selected more at the discretion of the sovereign, and, though they would still be responsible to the people, they would cease to be what they now tend to become, its creatures. If it be said that such a constitutional balance would be dangerous to freedom, we answer that, even if it were, it is the natural consequence of self-government under the English constitution, and therefore a contingency that freedom must be prepared to face. But the supposed danger is a phantom, arising out of recollections of days when the crown wielded almost absolute power, whereas the crown has now no solid support but opinion; and if a monarch should ever be blind enough to mistake his interest, and bold enough to encroach on his subjects' liberties by force, it is incredible that in a people accustomed to centuries of freedom, there should not be sufficient means of self-defence. Our true defence against over-centralization lies in our habits of municipal independence. The policy of conservatism is plain. It is to localize whatever of our interests is domestic, and to centralize whatever is imperial.

And this policy of conservatism will be forced more and more on all who value the independence of their country, in consequence of the nature of our foreign relations. If England were the only country in the world, we might try experiments on our constitution, without fear of any consequences but such as would arise from internal revolution. Or again, if the nations of Europe were all living like ourselves under free constitutions, we might trust to the amiability and good nature of our neighbors rather to pity our distractions than to take advantage of our weakness. But it is very evident that if "that tribunal of paramount authority, the general judgment of civilized mankind," ever had any jurisdiction, it is not disposed to exercise it at the present moment. We are living among nations who have resorted to "the good old plan" of exacting territory from the conquered; among statesmen who have ratified the Bismarck-Benedetti compact; among autocrats who

have scattered to the winds the fragments of the Treaty of Paris. If England is the "sick woman" that Prince Bismarck is said to consider her, she will scarcely be able to maintain, by moral opinion alone, her own vast empire, much less the liberties of her allies against her exceedingly unsentimental neighbors. All the clearness of head and all the force of arm that she can command will have to be employed in self-defence. "Gentlemen," as the prince consort said at a dinner at the Trinity House in 1856, "constitutional government is under a heavy trial, and can only pass triumphantly through it if the country will grant its confidence to her Majesty's government. Without this all their labors must be in vain."

But if her Majesty's government is to be trusted, it must show itself courageous and independent; it must show that it understands the English people too well to be afraid of them. About eighteen months ago Lord Derby, addressing one of the numerous deputations which beset him at the time of the great anti-Mussulman agitation, asked its leaders what policy they wished him to adopt, adding that he was most anxious to meet "*the wishes of his employers*." We thought at the time, and we still think, that his lordship considered that a body of Englishmen, coming to him in a state of mental exaltation, could be most appropriately received with a vein of pleasantries. But as we see that a great many people have taken his words seriously, we desire to record our hearty protest against the unconstitutional principle implied in the speech as reported. Lord Derby must be perfectly well aware that he is the servant, not of the people, but of the crown. He is responsible to the people for his conduct of affairs; whereas, if his words were to be taken seriously, his responsibility would obviously cease. If he were what "Verax" wishes him to be, the mere delegate of popular opinion, appointed to carry out the policy which the public desires, whatever ruin or disgrace might result from that policy, no single person could be made answerable for it. For our part we believe that had Lord Derby—knowing, as he did, the situation of affairs far more intimately than any one of his irresponsible advisers, and possessing, as he did, the alternative of resignation—consented to become the instrument of Mr. Gladstone's "bag and baggage" policy, he would have been guilty of a gross dereliction of duty.

If the Englishman, as reflected in his constitution, has a special weakness, it is,

to speak metaphorically, this, that he has a little too much blood. From this fulness arise his vast animal spirits, and the vigor and vitality he shows in the pursuit of his objects; but to this also are due the suffusions of blood to his head, the vertigo and faintness which occasionally overpower him, and expose him to the attacks of his watchful enemies. At moments when it is of the most vital importance for him to keep his brain cool and his arm steady, he is apt to be carried away by a rush of opinion, which deprives him of all sense of justice and wisdom. The impatience of the people, the suspicions of Parliament, and the dissensions of ministries, bewildered our policy during the time of the Crimean War. A madness, that can only be paralleled by that of the Athenians after the revolt of Mitylene, paralyzed our action at the outset of our present difficulties; and now that our eyes are again open, the wild projects that were started on the eve of the Crimean War for the reconstruction of Poland or the conquest of Finland, find a counterpart in schemes ranging through all degrees of protection or partition of Turkey; while the government is as frantically abused for its caution by its supporters, as a short time ago it was assailed for its aggressiveness by its opponents. Words of true wisdom were addressed to the House of Commons during the debate on the vote of supply by the *Radical* member for Newcastle. Repudiating Mr. Gladstone's charge that he desired to let government have "exclusive and uncontrolled authority over foreign affairs," Mr. Cowen said:—

My declaration was that we might discuss domestic affairs; yet, when national interests are at stake and national existence might be in peril, we ought to bridge our differences, forget that we were Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, and remember only that we were Englishmen. We may settle the general principles of our action, whether, for instance, this country is to have a monarchy in one State, whether we should overpower a republic in another, whether we were to be active partisans in the strife or be neutral—these were questions which must be settled by the people and the nation; but, the principle being conceded and the policy being agreed on, *its execution must be left to the executive.*

We have endeavored to indicate the main principles of the policy of "non-intervention," from the time of its enunciation by Lord Grenville down to the present day; we have shown the difficulty our statesmen have always found in applying those principles to our foreign relations

generally, and we have illustrated the twofold difficulty they have experienced in applying them to the Eastern question in particular. These principles are as binding on us now as ever, but what private person is in a position to say how they ought to be applied, to understand the exact point at which the interests of England are touched, either by aggression on English rights, or on the rights of others no less essential than our own to the maintenance of European law? There is only one quarter in which the knowledge exists, in which the unity and continuity of England's policy is kept ever clearly in view apart from the illusions of party warfare. That quarter is the crown, represented by the ministry. There is only one member of the nation on whom the foreign relations of the country in respect of its honor and majesty bear with an immediate and personal effect. That member is the queen.

Those who read this article attentively will not accuse us of undervaluing constitutional government. We love the constitution because we believe that no form of government that has ever existed has given such scope to freedom, honor, and good manners. And we believe too in the people, so long as it fulfils its proper function of supplying the spirit and energy that support the head which thinks and the arm which strikes; we know the courage, the tenacity, and the patriotism rising out of that fulness of blood which we have spoken of before, and which are alluded to in the following observations of the prince consort:—

In regard to the reproaches cast upon England from so many quarters for her narrowness of heart and short-sightedness—that it ought to have been foreseen that the Greeks would rise, that the Turkish supremacy cannot be upheld, and that the fanatic Osmanlis would rather come to terms with Russia than be forced to admit Christians to an equal footing with the Turks—that she should therefore have rather looked calmly on at the overthrow of the Turkish Empire by Russia with the view of thereupon taking so energetic a part in the European solution of the hereditary question that this overthrow could not have resulted to the advantage of Russia—I have merely to reply that we did foresee all this very distinctly, but that a popular government cannot carry on a policy which has apparent contradictions within itself, and one portion of which is to receive its complement from another at a distant stage. The overthrow of Turkey by Russia no English statesman could contemplate with equanimity; public opinion would have flung him to the winds like chaff, and no reliance could be placed on

such far-seeing, long-calculated, two-sided policy, with changes of ministry and Parliamentary majorities at home, and more especially with combinations on the Continent in which no confidence could be placed. We must live from day to day, but while we cleave as best we can to the self-consistent and impregnable principle of justice, I feel confident that, whatever phases may present themselves, we shall not on the whole fail to deal with them wisely.

There is a royal spirit in these last words. They show the complete understanding that the queen and her husband possessed of the temper of the English people. The whole of the passage we have quoted might be applied to our present circumstances. It is true that by an outbreak of popular feeling, exactly opposite in character to that which prevailed during the Crimean War, we have been anomalously driven into the "far-seeing, long-calculated, two-sided policy," which cool observers said we ought to have adopted at that period. But now that the time has come for us to take "an energetic part in the solution of the hereditary question," the nation has shown that its spirit is precisely the same as it was in the Crimean War; unity of feeling prevails not only through the British Isles but through the British dominions; and the queen may be assured that, should she be unfortunately called upon to exercise her prerogative of declaring war, her subjects will spare no sacrifices to maintain the safety of her empire and the honor of her crown.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPTAIN DESPARD.

MORNING service at the Abbey was more business-like than the severe ritual in the afternoon. The evening prayers were more pleasurable. Strangers came to them, new faces, all the visitors about, and there could be no doubt that the signor chose his anthems with a view to the new people who were always coming and going. Sometimes representatives from every quarter of England, from the Continent—members of "the other church" even which Anglicanism venerates and years after: and people from America, pilgrims to the shrine of the past, would gather within the Abbey, and carry away the fame of the music and the beautiful

church to all the winds. The staff of the Abbey was pleasantly excited, the service was short, and the whole ritual was pleasurable. It was the dull hour in the afternoon when it is good for people to be occupied in such an elevating way, and when, coming in with the fresh air hanging about you in the summer, out of the sunshine, to feel the house so shady and cool—or in winter from the chill and cold out of doors to a blazing fire, and lamps, and candles, and tea—you had just time for a little lounge before dressing for dinner, and so cheated away the heaviest hour of the day. But in the morning it was business. The minor canons felt it, getting up from their breakfast to sing their way steadily through litany and versicles. And nobody felt it more than the old chevaliers as they gathered in their stalls, many of them white-headed, tottering, one foot in the grave. It was the chief occupation of their lives—all that they were now obliged to do. Their whole days were shaped for this. When the bells began the doors would open, the veterans come out, one by one, some of them battered enough, with medals on their coats. Captain Despard was the most jaunty of the brotherhood. Indeed he was about the youngest of all, and it had been thought a bad thing for the institution when a man not much over fifty was elected. He was generally the last to take his place, hurrying in fresh and *débonnaire*, with his flower in his coat, singing with the choir whenever the music pleased him, and even now and then accompanying the minor canon, with a cheerful sense that his adhesion to what was being said must always be appreciated. His responses were given with a grand air, as if he felt himself to be paying a compliment to the Divine Hearer. And indeed, though it was the great drawback of his existence to be compelled to be present there every morning of his life, still when he was there he enjoyed it. He was part of the show. The beautiful church, the fine music, and Captain Despard, had all, he thought, a share in the silent enthusiasm of the general congregation. And Captain Despard was so far right that many of the congregation, especially those who came on Sundays and holidays, the townsfolk, the tobaccoists, and tradespeople, and the girls from the workroom, looked upon him with the greatest admiration, and pointed out to each other, sometimes awed and respectful, sometimes tittering behind their prayer-books, where "the captain" sat in state. The captain was "a fine man"

everybody allowed — well-proportioned, well-preserved — a young man of his age; and his age was mere boyhood in comparison with many of his peers and brethren. It was ridiculous to see him there among all those old fellows, the girls said; and as for Polly, as she slipped humbly into a free seat, the sight of him sitting there in his stall quite overpowered her. If all went well, she herself would have a place there by-and-by — not in the stalls indeed, but in the humble yet dignified places provided for the families of the chevaliers. It must not be supposed that even the chevaliers' stalls were equal to those provided for the hierarchy of the Abbey. They were a lower range, and on a different level altogether, but still they were places of dignity. Captain Despard put his arms upon the carved supports of his official seat, and looked around him like a benevolent monarch. When any one asked him a question as he went or came he was quite affable, and called to the verger with a condescending readiness to oblige.

"You must find a place for this gentleman, Wykeham," he would say; "this gentleman is a friend of mine." Wykeham only growled at these recommendations, but Captain Despard passed on to his stall with the air of having secured half-a-dozen places at least; and his *protégés* felt a vague belief in him, even when they did not find themselves much advanced by it. And there he sat, feeling that every change in his position was noted, and that he himself was an essential part of the show, that show which was so good for keeping up all the traditions of English society, making the Church respected, and enforcing attention to religion — indeed, a very handsome compliment to the Almighty himself.

Captain Despard, however, though he admired himself so much, was not proportionally admired by his brother chevaliers, and it was something like a surprise to him when he found himself sought by two of them at once, as they came out of the Abbey. One of these was Captain Temple, who had encountered Lottie on the evening before, going alone to the Deanery. None of all the chevaliers of St. Michael's was so much respected as this old gentleman. He was a little man, with white hair, not remarkable in personal appearance, poor and old; but he was all that a chevalier ought to be, *sans reproche*. The story of his early days was the ordinary one of a poor officer without friends or interest; but in his later life there had

happened to him something which everybody knew. His only daughter had married a man greatly above her in station, a member of a noble family, to the great admiration and envy of all beholders. She was a beautiful girl, very delicate and sensitive; but no one thought of her qualities in comparison with the wonderful good fortune that had fallen her. A girl that had been changed at a stroke from poor little Louie Temple, the poor chevalier's daughter, into the honorable Mrs. Dropmore, with a chance of a viscountess's coronet! was ever such good luck heard of? Her father and mother were congratulated on all sides with malign exuberance. Mrs. Temple got credit for being the cleverest of mothers, that applause, which in England means insult, being largely showered upon her. Whether she deserved it, poor soul! is nothing to this history; but if so, she soon had her reward. The girl who had been so lucky was carried off summarily from the father and mother who had nothing else to care for in the world. They were not allowed to see her, or even to communicate with her but in the most limited way. They bore everything, these poor people, for their child's sake, encouraging each other not to complain, to wait until her sweetness had gained the victory, as sweetness and submission are always said to do, and encouraging her to think only of her husband, to wait and be patient until the prejudices of his family were dispelled. But this happy moment never came for poor Louie. She died after a year's marriage, wailing for her mother who was not allowed to come near her, and did not even know of her illness. This had almost killed the old people too, and it had pointed many a moral all the country round; and now this incident, which had nothing to do with her, came in to influence the career of Lottie Despard. It was Captain Temple who first came up to his brother chevalier as he strolled through the nave of St. Michael's, on his way out from the service. A great many people always lingered in the nave to get every note of the signor's voluntary, and it was Captain Despard's practice to take a turn up and down to exhibit himself in this last act of the show before it was over. The sun shone in from the high line of south windows, throwing a thousand varieties of color on the lofty clustered pillars, and the pavement all storied with engraved stones and brasses. The captain sauntered up and down, throwing out his chest, and conscious of admiration round him, while the

music rolled forth through the splendid space, with a voice proportioned to it, and groups of the early worshippers stood about listening, specks in the vastness of the Abbey. Just as it ended, with an echoing thunder of sweet sound, the old captain, putting on his hat at the door, encountered the younger warrior for whom he had been lying in wait.

"May I speak a word to you, Captain Despard?" he said.

"Certainly, my dear sir; if I can be of use to you in any way, command me," said Captain Despard, with the most amiable flourish of his hat. But he was surprised; for Captain Temple was a man who "kept his distance," and had never shown any symptom of admiration for the other chevalier.

"You will forgive my speaking," said the old man. "But I know that your evenings are often engaged. You have many occupations; you are seldom at home in the evening?"

"My friends are very kind," said Captain Despard, with another flourish. "As a matter of fact, I — dine out a great deal. I am very often engaged."

"I thought so. And your son — very often dines out too. May I ask as a favor that you will allow me to constitute myself the escort of Miss Despard when she is going anywhere in the evening? I had that pleasure last night," said the old man. "I am a very safe person, I need not say — and fond of — young people. It would be a great pleasure to me."

Captain Despard listened with some surprise. Perhaps he saw the reproach intended, but was too gaily superior to take any notice of it. When the other had ended, he took off his hat again, and made him a still more beautiful bow. "How glad I am," he said, "to be able to give you a great pleasure so easily! Certainly, Captain Temple, if my little girl's society is agreeable to you."

"She is at an age when she wants — some one to watch over her," said the old captain. "She is very sweet — and very handsome, Captain Despard."

"Is she?" said the other indifferently. "A child, my dear sir; nothing more than a child — but good looks belong to her family — without thinking of my own side of the house."

"She is very handsome. A mother is a great loss to a girl at that age."

"You think it is a want that ought to be supplied," said Captain Despard, with a laugh, stroking his moustache. "Perhaps you are right — perhaps you are right."

Such an idea, I allow, has several times crossed my own mind."

"Despard," said another voice, behind him, "I've got something to say to ye. When ye're at leisure, me dear fellow, step into my place."

"Don't let me detain you," said the other old man, hurrying away. His kind stratagem had not succeeded. He was half sorry — and yet, as he had already prophesied its failure to his wife, he was not so much displeased after all. Major O'Shaughnessy, who was slightly lame, hobbled round to the other side.

"Despard," he said, "me dear friend! I've got something to say to you. It's about Lottie, me boy."

"About Lottie? — more communications about Lottie. I've had about enough of her, O'Shaughnessy. There's that solemn old idiot asking if he may escort her when she goes anywhere. Is he going to give his wife poison, and offer himself to me as a son-in-law?" said the captain, with a laugh.

"I'll go bail he didn't tell you what I'm going to tell you. Listen, Despard. My pretty Lottie — she's but a child, and she's as pretty a one as you'd wish to see. Well, it's a lover she's gone and got for herself. What do you think of that? Bless my soul, a lover! What do you make of that, me fine fellow?" cried the major, rubbing his fat hands. He was large of bulk, like his wife, and round and shining, with a bald head, and large hands that looked bald too.

"Is this a joke?" said the captain, drawing himself up; "by George, I'll have no jokes about my child."

"Joke? it is my wife told me, that is as fond of the girl as if she were her own. 'Mark my words,' says Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, 'she'll be the Honorable Mrs. Ridsdale before we know where we are.' And Temple's been at ye, Despard; I know it. The man is off his head with his own bad luck, and can't abide the name of an Honorable. But, from all I hear, there's little to be said against this one except that he's poor."

"The Honorable —" said Captain Despard, with a bewildered look. Then, as the good major talked, he recovered himself. "Well!" he said, when that speech came to an end, "you may think that it's very fine, O'Shaughnessy, and I'm sure I am much obliged to you for telling me, but you don't suppose an Honorable is anything out of the way to me? With her family and her beauty, I would grudge the child to a man without a title anyhow, even if he weren't poor."

The major had his mouth open to speak, but he was so bewildered by this grandeur that he stopped and closed it again, and uttered only a murmur in his throat. "Well!" he said, when he came to himself, "you know your own affairs best; but now that your girl is taken out, and into society, and with her prospects, you'll be standing by her and giving her more of your company, Despard? Lottie's the best of girls, but it might make all the difference to her having her father at home, and always ready to stand up for her—not meaning any offence."

"Nor is any taken, O'Shaughnessy; make your mind quite easy," said the captain, looking extremely stately though his coat was shabby. Then he added, "I've got some business down town, and an appointment at twelve o'clock. I'm sorry to hurry off, but business goes before all. Good-morning to you, major!" he said, kissing the ends of his fingers; then turning back after he had gone a few steps, "My respects to your wife, and thanks for finding it all out; but I've known it these three weeks at least, though I'm obliged to her all the same." And so saying, Captain Despard resumed the humming of his favorite tune, and went swinging his arm down the Dean's Walk, the rosebud in his coat showing like a decoration, and the whole man jaunty and gay as nobody else was at St. Michael's. It was a sight to see him as he marched along, keeping time to the air he was humming; a fine figure of a man! The good major stood and looked after him dumbfounded; he was almost too much taken by surprise to be offended. "Manage your own affairs as you please, my fine fellow!" he said to himself, and went home in a state of suppressed fury. But he relented when he saw Lottie, in her print frock at the window; and he did not give his wife that insolent message. "What is the use of making mischief?" the major said.

Captain Despard was not, however, so entirely unmoved as he looked. The news bewildered him first, and then elated him. Where had the girl picked up the Honorable Mr. —, what was his name? He knew so little of Lottie and was so little aware of her proceedings, that he had only heard accidentally of her visits at the Deanery at all, and knew nothing whatever of Rollo. He must inquire, he said to himself; but in the mean time did not this free him from all the hesitations with which, to do him justice, he had been struggling? For if, instead of "presiding over

his establishment"—which was how Captain Despard put it—Lottie was to be the mistress of a house of her own, and ascend into heaven, as it were, as the Honorable Mrs. Something-or-other, there would be no doubt that Captain Despard would be left free as the day to do what pleased himself. This wonderful piece of news seemed to get into his veins and send the blood coursing more quickly there, and into his head, and make that whirl with an elation which was perfectly vague and indefinite. With Lottie as the Honorable Mrs. So-and-so, all obstacles were removed out of his own way. Law did not count; the captain was afraid more or less of his daughter, but he was not at all afraid of his son. The Honorable Something-or-other! Captain Despard did not even know his name or anything about him, but already various privileges seemed to gleam upon him through this noble relation. No doubt such a son-in-law would be likely to lend a gentleman, who was not over rich, and connected with him by close family ties, a small sum now and then; or probably he might think it necessary for his new dignity to make an allowance to his wife's father to enable him to appear as a gentleman ought; and in the shooting season he would naturally, certainly, give so near a relation a standing invitation to the shooting-box which, by right of his rank, he must inevitably possess somewhere or other, either his own or belonging to his noble father. Probably he would have it in his power to point out to her Majesty or the commander-in-chief that to keep a man who was an honor to his profession, like Captain Lawrence Despard, in the position of a chevalier of St. Michael's, was equally a disgrace and a danger to the country. Captain Despard seemed to hear the very tone in which this best of friends would certify to his merits. "Speak of failures in arms! What can you expect when General So-and-so is gazetted to the command of an expedition, and Lawrence Despard is left in a chevalier's lodge?" he seemed to hear the unknown say indignantly. Nothing could be more generous than his behavior; he did nothing but go about the world sounding the captain's praises: "I have the honor to be his son-in-law," this right-thinking young man would say. Captain Despard went down the hill with his head buzzing full of this new personage who had suddenly stepped into his life. His engagement was no more important than to play a game at billiards with one of his town

acquaintances; and even there he could not keep from throwing out mysterious hints about some great good fortune which was about to come to him. "What! are you going away, captain? Are you to have promotion? or is it you they have chosen for the new warden of the chevaliers?" his associates asked him, half in curiosity, half in sarcasm. "I am not in circumstances," said the captain solemnly, "to say what are the improved prospects that are dawning upon my house; but of this you may rest assured—that my friends in adversity will remain my friends in prosperity." "Bravo, captain!" cried all his friends. Some of them laughed, but some of them put their faith in Captain Despard. They said to themselves, "He's fond of talking a bit big, but he's got a good heart, has the captain!" and they, too, dreamed of little loans and treats. And, indeed, the captain got an immediate advantage out of it; for one of the billiard-players, who was a well-to-do tradesman with habits not altogether satisfactory to his friends, gave him a luncheon at the "Black Boar," not because he expected to profit by the supposed promotion, but to see how many lies the old humbug would tell in half an hour, as he himself said; for there are practical democrats to whom it is very sweet to see the pretended aristocrat cover himself with films of lying. The shopkeeper roared with laughter as the captain gave forth his oracular sayings. "Go it, old boy!" he said. They all believed, however, more or less, in some good luck that was coming, whatever it might be; and the sensation of faith around him strengthened Captain Despard in his conviction. He resolved to go home and question Lottie after this luncheon; but that was of itself a prolonged feast, and the immediate consequence of it was a disinclination to move, and a sense that it would be just as well for him not to show himself for some little time, "till it had gone off"—for the captain in some things was a wise man, and prudent as he was wise.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WORKROOM.

THERE were two factions in the workroom by the side of the river where Mrs. Wilting's daughters worked with Polly Featherstone for their forewoman. One of these, though very small, and consisting, indeed, only of Ellen Wilting, the eldest girl—who was "serious"—and a little apprentice who was in her class at the

Sunday school—was greatly against the intrusion of "the gentlemen" into the workroom, and thought it highly improper and a thing likely to bring all the young ladies who worked there into trouble. Ellen was, contrary to the usual opinion which would have selected the plainest sister for this rôle, the prettiest of the girls. She was fair-haired, but not frizzy like the rest; and her face was pale, with a serious expression which made her very ladylike, many persons thought, and gave her, the others felt not without envy, a distinction which did not belong to their own pinkness and whiteness. There were four sisters, of whom Emma—who was the object of Law's admiration—was the youngest. Kate and Liza came between these two, and they were both of Polly's faction, though without any reason for being so. They thought Ellen was a great deal too particular. What was the harm if a gentleman came and sat a bit when they were not too busy, and talked and made them laugh? The object of life to these young women was to get as much laughing and talking as possible made consistent with the greatest amount of work done, of gowns and bonnets made; and any one who made the long evening appear a little shorter, and "passed the time" with a little merriment, was a real benefactor to them. Ellen, for her part, took more serious views of life. She would have liked to go to morning service every day had that been practicable, and called it matins as the ladies themselves did, which was very uncommon in the River Lane; and she was a member of the Choral Society, and had a pretty voice, and had sung in a chorus along with Miss Despard, and even with Miss Huntington before she married. All this made her feel that it was not "nice" to encourage the gentlemen who were of a different condition in life, and whose visits could not be for any good. And she would much rather have heard stories read out of the *Monthly Packet*, or something in which instruction was joined with amusement, than from the *Family Herald*; except, indeed, when she got interested in the trials, continued from number to number, of some virtuous young heroine like the Lady Araminta. Ellen wore a black gown like the young ladies in the shops, with her pretty fair hair quite simply dressed, without any of the padding and frizzing which were popular at the time; and fondly hoped some time or other to wear a little black bonnet like those of the sisters who had an establishment near. Her

mother sternly forbade this indulgence now, but it was one of the things to which the young woman looked forward. And it must be allowed that Ellen rather prided herself on her total unlikeness in every way to Polly Featherstone, who considered herself the head of the workroom, and who was certainly the ringleader in all its follies. Kate and Liza and Emma and the other apprentice, though they by no means gave their entire adhesion to Polly, and had many remarks to make upon her in private, yet were generally led by her as a person who knew the world and was "much admired," and always had somebody after her. That this somebody should be for the moment "a gentleman," gave Polly an additional advantage. It must not be supposed that her reputation was anyhow in danger, though she was known to "keep company" with the captain; for Polly, though not "particular," and ready to talk and laugh with any one, was known to be very well able to take care of herself, and much too experienced to be taken in by any of the admirers whom she was supposed to be able to wind round her little finger. For this, and for her powers of attracting admiration, and for her fluent and ready speech, and the dauntless disposition which made her afraid of nobody and ready to "speak up," if need were, even to the very dean himself, the girls admired her; and they would not be persuaded by Ellen that Polly ought to be subdued out of her loud and cheerful talk, and the doors of the workroom closed on the gentlemen. Little Emma, indeed, the youngest of the girls, was vehement against this idea, as was easily understood by all the rest.

"What is the harm?" she cried, with tears in her eyes, tears of vexation and irritation and alarmed perception of the change it would make if Law should be shut out; a terrible change, reducing herself, who now enjoyed some visionary superiority as "keeping company" in her own small person with a gentleman, into something even lower than Liza and Kate, who had their butchers and bakers, at least, to walk out with on Sunday—a privilege which Emma seldom dared enjoy with Law. "What is the use," Emma said, "of making a fuss? What harm do they do? They make the time pass. It's long enough anyhow from eight o'clock in the morning till nine at night, or sometimes later, and so little time as mother allows for meals. I am sure I am that tired," Emma declared, and with reason, "I often can't see how to thread my

needle; and to have somebody to talk to passes the time."

"We have always plenty of talk even when we are by ourselves," said Ellen; "and I am sure we might make better use of our time and have much more improving conversation if these men would not be always coming here."

"Oh! if you are so fond of improvement," cried Polly, "I daresay you would like to have Mr. Sterndale the Scripture-reader come and read to us; or we might ask down Mr. Langton up-stairs, who is better, who is a clergyman. I shouldn't mind having *him*, he is so shy and frightened, and he wouldn't know what to say."

"Lord!" cried Kate; "fancy being frightened for us!"

"Oh!" said the better-informed Polly, "there's heaps as are frightened for us, and the gooder they are the more frightened they would be; a curate is always frightened for us girls. He knows he daren't talk free in a friendly way, and that makes him as stiff as two sticks. As sure as fate, if he was pleasant, somebody would say he had a wrong meaning, and that's how it's always in their mind."

"A clergyman," said Ellen authoritatively, "would come to do us good. But it wouldn't be his place to come here visiting. It's our duty to go to him to relieve our consciences. As for Mr. Sterndale, the Scripture-reader, I don't call him a Churchman at all; he might just as well be a Dissenter. What good can he do anybody? The thing that really does you good is to go to church. In some places there are always prayers going on, and then there is half an hour for meditation, and then you go to work again till the bell rings. And in the afternoon there is even-song and self-examination, and that passes the time," cried Ellen, clasping her hands. "What with matins, and meditation, and something new for every hour, the days go. They're gone before you know where you are."

The young women were silenced by this enthusiastic statement. For after all, what could be more desirable than a system which made the days fly? Polly was the only one who could hold up her head against such an argument. She did her best to be scornful. "I daresay!" she cried, "but I should just like to know if the work went as fast! Praying and meditating are very fine, but if the work wasn't done, what would your mother say?"

"Mother would find it answer! Bless

you," said Ellen, her pale face lighted with enthusiasm, "you do double the work when you can feel you're doing your duty, and could die cheerful any moment."

"Oh! and to think how few sees their duty, and how most folks turn their backs upon it!" replied the little apprentice who was on Ellen's side.

Polly saw that something must be done to turn the tide. The girls were awed. They could not hold up their commonplace little heads against this grand ideal. There were little flings of half-alarmed impatience indeed among them, as when Kate whispered to 'Liza that "one serious one was enough in a house," and little Emma ventured a faltering assertion "that going to church made a day feel like Sunday, and it didn't seem right to do any more work." Polly boldly burst in, and threw forth her standard to the wind.

"Week-days is week-days," she said oracularly. "We've got them to work in, and to have a bit of fun as long as we're young. Sundays I say nothing against church—as much as any one pleases; and it's a great thing to have the Abbey to go to, where you see everybody, if Wykeham the verger wasn't such a brute. But, if I'm not to have my bit of fun, I'd rather be out of the world altogether. Now I just wish Mr. Law were passing this way, for there's the end of Lady Araminta in the *Family Herald*, and it is very exciting, and she won't hear of marrying the earl, let alone the duke, but gives all her money and everything she has to the man of her heart."

"The baronet!" cried Kate and 'Liza in one breath. "I always knew that was how it was going to be." Even Ellen, wise as she was, changed color, and looked up eagerly.

It was Polly who took in that representative of all that the world calls letters and cultivation, to these girls. Ellen looked wistfully at the drawer in which the treasure was hidden. "I will read it out if you like," she said somewhat timidly. "I can't get on with this till the trimming is ready." Thus even the Church party was vanquished by the charms of art.

That evening the captain again paid them a visit. It was not often that he came two days in succession, and Emma, who was the least important of all, was very impatient of his appearance, notwithstanding the saucy speech she had made to Law. In her heart she thought there was no comparison between the father and son. The captain was an old man. He had no business to come at all, chatting

and making his jokes; it was a shame to see him turning up night after night. She wondered how Miss Despard liked to have him always out. Emma regarded Miss Despard with great interest and awe. She wondered when she met her in the street, as happened sometimes, what she would say if *she knew*. And Emma wondered, with a less warm thrill of personal feeling, but yet with much heat and sympathetic indignation, what Miss Despard would think if she knew of Polly. She would hate her, and that would be quite natural. Fancy having Polly brought in over your head in the shape of a stepmother! and if Emma herself felt indignant at such an idea, what must Miss Despard do who was a lady, and used to be the mistress? It made the girl's heart ache to think that she would have to close the door upon Law again, for it would never do to have the father and son together. Polly, on the contrary, bore a look of triumph on her countenance. She pushed her chair aside a little as Emma had done for Law, thus making room for him beside her, and she said, with a delighted yet nervous toss of her mountain of hair, "Ah, captain, back again! Haven't you got anything better to do than to come after a lot of girls that don't want you? Do we want him, Kate?" to which playful question Kate replied in all good faith, no, she did not want him; but, with a friendly sense of what was expected of her, giggled, and added that the captain didn't mind much what *she* thought. The captain, nothing daunted, drew in a stool close to Polly, and whispered that, by George, the girl was right; it didn't matter much to him what *she* thought; that it was some one else he would consult on that subject; upon which Polly tossed her head higher than ever, and laughed and desired him to get along! The captain's coming was not nearly so good for the work as Law's, who was not half so funny, and whom they all received in a brotherly sort of indifferent, good-humored way. The captain, on the contrary, fixed their attention as at a play. It was as good as a play to watch him whispering to Polly, and she arching her neck, and tossing her head, and bidding him get along! Sometimes, indeed, he kept them all laughing with his jokes and his mimicries, himself enjoying the enthusiasm of his audience. But though on these occasions he was very entertaining, the girls perhaps were still more entertained when he sat and whispered to Polly, giving them the gratification of an actual romance, such as it was, enacted before their eyes. A

gentleman, an officer, with such a command of fine language, and such an air! They gave each other significant glances and little nudges to call each other's attention, and wondered what Miss Despard would think, and what would happen if really, really, some fine day, Polly Featherstone were made into a lady, a chevalier's wife, and Mr. Law's stepmother—what *would* everybody say? and Miss Despard, would she put up with it? Even the idea of so exciting an event made the blood move more quickly in their veins.

The captain was not in his jocular mood to-night. He was magnificent, a thing which occurred now and then. In this state of mind he was in the habit of telling them splendid incidents of his early days—the things he said to the Duke of Blank, and what the Duke of Blank replied to him, and the money he gave for his horses, and how he thought nothing of presenting any young lady he might be paying attention to (for he was a sad flirt in those days, the captain allowed) with a diamond spray worth a thousand pounds, or a sapphire ring equally valuable, or some pretty trifle of that description. But he was altogether serious to-night. "I intended to have come earlier," he said, "for I have family business that calls me home soon; but I was detained. It is very tiresome to be continually called upon for advice and help as I am, especially when in one's own affairs something important has occurred."

"La, captain, what has happened?" said Polly. "You ought to tell us. We just want something to wake us up. You've had some money left you; or I shouldn't wonder a bit if the commander-in-chief—"

Here she stopped short with sudden excitement, and looked at him. Captain Despard was fond of intimating to his humbler friends that he knew the commander-in-chief would send for him some day, indignant with those whose machinations had made him shelve so valuable an officer for so long. It seemed possible to Polly that this moment had arrived, and the idea made her black eyes blaze. She seemed to see him at the head of an expedition, leading an army, and herself the general's lady. It did not occur to Polly that there was no war going on at the moment; that was a matter of detail; and how should she know anything about war or peace, a young woman whose knowledge of public matters was limited to murders and police cases? She let her work fall upon her knee, and there even ran through her mind a rapid calculation, if he

was starting off directly, how long it would take to get the wedding things ready, or if she could trust the Wiltings to have them packed and sent after her in case there should not be time enough to wait.

"No," the captain said, with that curl of his lip which expressed his contempt of the authorities who had so foolishly passed him over. "It is nothing about the commander-in-chief—at least not yet. There will soon be a means of explaining matters to his Royal Highness which may lead to— But we will say nothing on that point for the moment," he added grandly, with a wave of his hand. Then he leaned over Polly, and whispered something which the others tried vainly to hear.

"Oh!" cried Polly, listening intently. At first her interest failed a little; then she evidently rose to the occasion, put on a fictitious excitement, clasped her hands, and cried, "Oh, captain, *that* at last!"

"Yes—that is what has happened. You may not see all its importance at the first glance. But it is very important," said the captain with solemnity. "In a domestic point of view—and otherwise. People tell you interest does not matter nowadays. Ha! ha!" (Captain Despard laughed the kind of stage laugh which may be represented by these monosyllables.) "Trust one who has been behind the scenes. Interest is everything—always has been, and always will be. This will probably have the effect of setting me right at the Horse Guards, which is all that is necessary. And in the mean time," he added, with a thoughtful air, "it will make a great difference in a domestic point of view; it will change my position in many ways, indeed in every way."

Polly had been gazing at him during this speech, watching every movement of his face, and as she watched her own countenance altered. She did not even pretend to take up her work again, but leaned forward nervously fingering the thread and the scissors on the table, and beginning to realize the importance of the crisis. To Captain Despard it was a delightful opportunity of displaying his importance, and there was just enough of misty possibility in the castle of cards he was building up to endow him with a majestic consciousness of something about to happen. But to Polly it was a great deal more than this. It was the crisis of something that was at least melodrama, if not tragedy, in her life. All her hopes were suddenly quickened into almost reality, and the change in her fortunes, which had been a distant and doubtful, if exciting chance, seemed sud-

denly in a moment to become real and near.

The spectacle that this afforded to the other young women in the workroom it is almost beyond the power of words to describe. Their bosoms throbbed. A play! plays were nothing to it. They pulled each other's gowns under the table. They gave each other little nods, and looks under their eyebrows. Their elbows met in emphatic commentary. He, absorbed in his own all-important thoughts, she looking up at him with that rapt and pale suspense — never was anything more exciting to the imagination of the beholders. "He won't look at her," one whispered; "She's all of a tremble," said another; and "Lord, what *are* they making such a fuss about?" breathed Kate.

"Yes, it will alter our position in every way," the captain said, stroking his moustache, and fixing his eyes on vacancy. Then Polly touched his arm softly, her cheek, which had been pale, glowing crimson. *Our* position! the word gave her inspiration. She touched him shyly at first to call his attention; then, with some vehemence, "Captain! that will make — a deal easier," she said; but what words were between these broken bits of the sentence, or if any words came between, the excited listeners could not make out.

"Yes," he said with dignity. But he did not look at her. He maintained his abstracted look, which was so very impressive. They all hung upon, not only his lips, but every movement. As for Polly, the suspense was more than she could bear. She was not a patient young woman, nor had she been trained to deny herself like Ellen, or control her feelings as women in a different sphere are obliged to do. She resumed her work for a moment with hurried hands, trying to control her anxiety; then suddenly threw it in a heap on the table, without even taking the trouble to fold it tidily. She did not seem to know what she was doing, they all thought.

"I am going home," she said, with a hoarseness in her voice. "There is nothing very pressing, so it won't matter. I've got such a headache I don't know what to do with myself."

"Oh, Polly, a headache! that's not like you — yes, there's Mrs. Arrowsmith's dress that was promised."

"I don't care — and she's not a regular customer. And it's only a bit of an alpaca with no trimmings — you can finish it yourselves. Captain, if you're coming my way, you can come — if you like; unless,"

said Polly, with feverish bravado, "you've got something to say to the girls more than you seem to have to me — I'm going home."

The captain woke up from his abstraction, and looked round him, elevating his eyebrows. "Bless my heart, what is the matter?" he said. And then he made a grimace, which tempted the girls to laugh notwithstanding Polly's tragic seriousness. "I had hoped to have contributed a little to the entertainment of the evening, my dear young ladies. I had hoped to have helped you to 'pass the time,' as you say. But when a lady bids me go —"

"Oh, you needn't unless you like," cried Polly; "don't mind me! I don't want nobody to go home with me. I can take care of myself — only leave me alone if you please. I won't be made fun of, or taken off. Let me out into the fresh air, or I think I shall faint." The captain took an unfair advantage of the excited creature. He turned round upon them all when Polly rushed out to get her jacket and hat, which hung in the hall, and "took her off" on the spot, making himself so like her, that it was all they could do to keep from betraying him by their laughter. When she had put on her "things," Polly put her head into the room she had just left. "Good-night, I'm going," she said, with a look of impassioned anxiety and trouble. She was too much absorbed in her own feelings to see through the mist in which their faces shone to her, the laughter that was in them. She only saw the captain standing up in the midst of them. Was he coming after her? or was he going to fall off from her at this crisis of his affairs? Perhaps it was foolish of her to rush off like this, and leave him with all these girls about him. But Polly had never been used to restrain her feelings, and she could not help it, she vowed to herself. Everything in the future seemed to depend upon whether he came after her or not. Oh, why could not she have had a little more patience! oh, why should not he come with her, say something to her after all that had passed! As great a conflict was in her mind as if she had been a heroine of romance. The captain and she had been "keeping company" for a long time. He had "kept off" others that would not have shilly-shallyed as he had done. A man's "intentions" are rarely inquired into in Polly's sphere. But if he cared for her the least bit, if he had any honor in him, she felt that he would follow her now. Polly knew that she might have been Mrs.

Despard long ago if she had consented to be married privately as the captain wished. But she was for none of these clandestine proceedings. She would be married in her parish church, with white favors and a couple of flies, and something that might be supposed to be a wedding breakfast. She had held by her notions of decorum stoutly, and would hear of no hole-and-corner proceedings. And now when fortune was smiling upon them, when his daughter had got hold of some one (this was Polly's elegant way of putting it), and when the way would be clear, what if he failed her? The workroom with its blaze of light and its curious spectators had been intolerable to her, but a cold shudder crossed her when she got out of doors into the darkness of the lane. Perhaps she ought to have stayed at any cost, not to have left him in the midst of so many temptations. Her heart seemed to sink into her shoes. Oh, why had she been so silly! Her hopes seemed all dropping, disappearing from her. To sink into simple Polly Featherstone, with no dazzling prospect of future elevation, would be death to her, she felt, now.

Polly was half-way up the lane before the captain, coming along at his leisure, made up to her; and, what with passion and fright, she had scarcely any voice left. "Oh, you have come after all!" was all she could manage to say. And she hurried on, so rapidly that he protested. "If you want to talk, how can we talk if we race like this?" he said. "Who wants to talk?" cried Polly breathless, but nevertheless she paused in her headlong career. They went up the hill together, on the steep side next the Abbey, where there never was anybody, and there the captain discoursed to Polly about his new hopes. She would have liked it better had he decided how the old ones were to be realized. But still, as he was confidential and opened everything to her as to his natural confidant, her excitement gradually subsided, and her trust in him returned. She listened patiently while he recounted to her all the results that would be sure to follow, when an influential son-in-law, a member of a noble family, brought him to the recollection of the commander-in-chief.

"They think I'm shelved and superannuated," he said; "but let me but have an opening — all I want is an opening — and then you can go and select the handsomest phaeton and the prettiest pair of ponies, my lady."

Polly laughed and reddened with pleas-

ure at this address, but she said prudently, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. I wouldn't give up being a chevalier. It's a nice little house and a nice little income too."

"Pooh! a nothing," cried the captain. This was very fine and gave a sense of superiority and exaltation. Polly could not but allow a vision to float before her eyes of the phaeton and the ponies, nay more of the march of a regiment with the flags and the music. She even seemed to see the sentry at her own door, and all the men presenting arms as she passed (what less could they do to the wife of their commander?). But, on the other hand, to live here at St. Michael's where she was born, and be seen in her high estate by all the people who had known her as a poor dressmaker, that was a happiness which she did not like to give up, even for the glories of a high command far away.

CHAPTER XV.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

LOTTIE was entirely unconscious of the intimation that had been made to her father, and of the excitement which had risen among her neighbors about Mr. Ridsdale. It did not occur to her that any one but herself knew anything about him. The delighted curiosity of the O'Shaughnessys and the anxious concern of Captain Temple were equally unknown to her. Her mind was still moved by an echo of the sentiment of their last meeting — a thrill of emotion half from the music, half from the awakening feelings, the curiosity, the commotion of her developing nature. Of all Law's communications which had excited himself so powerfully, and which had also to some extent excited her, she remembered little in comparison. The large dim room at the Deanery, the faint night air breathing about, blowing the flames of the candles, the moths that circled about the lights and did themselves to death against every flame, seemed to glimmer before her eyes continually — everything else, even the dream of her father's marriage, the danger of Law's imprudence, fell into the background and became distant; everything receded before the perpetual attraction of this shadowy scene.

Mr. Ridsdale made a second call upon her in the morning after service, just at the moment when Captain Temple and Major O'Shaughnessy were talking to her father. This time he brought no note, and had no pretence to explain his visit.

"I came to say good-bye," he said, holding out his hand and looking rather wistfully into her face. Lottie offered him her hand demurely. She scarcely met his eyes. Her heart began to beat as soon as she heard his voice asking for her at the door. It brought back all the terrors of the previous night. She did not however ask him to sit down, but stood faltering opposite to him, embarrassed, not knowing what to do.

"You would not accept my escort last night," he said; "I was dreadfully disappointed when I came out and found you gone. I had been waiting, not wishing to hurry you. I hope you did not think I was a laggard."

"Oh no, it was my fault," said Lottie, not raising her eyes. "There was no need for any one to come with me. It is but two steps, and at that hour there is no one about. There was no need — for any escort."

"May I sit down for a few minutes, Miss Despard? My train is not till one o'clock."

Lottie blushed crimson at this implied reproach. It might be right to be shy of him, but not to be rude to him. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, pointing to a chair.

"You took us all by surprise last night," he said, carefully placing hers for her. "I think it was a revelation to everybody. We hear that music in the Abbey, and we suppose we understand it; till some one like you suddenly interprets it to us, and we wake up and feel that we never heard it before."

"I never knew what it was — to sing anything like that before," said Lottie. It disturbed her even to think about it; "And it had all been so different — so —"

"Commonplace? from the ridiculous to the sublime; from poor dear Aunt Caroline on her sofa to Handel fluting among the angels. It *was* a step indeed."

"I did not mean that. It was myself I was thinking of — I had been so full of silly fancies of my own."

"But all at once the inspiration came? I should like to be capable of anything like that; but I am not. I can only listen, and worship," said Rollo. There was fervor in his voice — a real something which was not mere fanaticism about music. And the two young people sat for a few moments in silence, a most dangerous thing to do, looking at each other — nay, not looking at each other, for Lottie did not feel either able or disposed to raise her eyes. She was the first to speak, in order

to break the silence, which alarmed her, though she did not know why.

"It is wonderful how the signor plays. I never understood it in the Abbey. He seems to place you up somewhere above yourself — and make your voice come independent of you."

"Never in his life, I am sure, did he have such a beautiful compliment paid to him," said Rollo; "but, Miss Despard, you do him too much credit. You permitted even me to accompany you, and sang just as divinely —"

"Oh no," said Lottie. Then she blushed and recollected herself. "You play very well, Mr. Ridsdale, but we could not compare those trumpery songs with —"

"Trumpery songs! only Mozart and Bellini, and a few more," he cried, with a gasp. "Ah, I know what you mean; you meant the 'Marta' song, which made your good friend, that good woman, cry —"

"I like 'The Last Rose of Summer' very much. I have always liked it. I used to hear an old fiddler play it in the street when I was a child, when I was lying in the dark, trying to go to sleep. It was like a friend keeping me company; but a friend that had a breaking heart, that cried and took all my thoughts off myself — I shall never forget it," said Lottie, the tears coming to her eyes at the recollection. "I like it better than all the rest."

"Miss Despard, do not drive me to despair. Not better than '*Casta Diva*,' or Margaret's 'Jewel-Song,' or —"

"You forget I don't know where they come, nor the meaning of them," said Lottie calmly. "I never heard an opera. I think those things are beautiful, but they only sing to my ear, they don't come in to me."

Rollo shook his head. He was half touched, half shocked. It was her ignorance; but then a woman destined for a prima donna, a woman with musical genius, *ought* to know the best by intuition, he thought. All the same, he was more interested than if she had raved as the commonplace, half-educated amateur raves. "But Handel does," he said.

"Ah!" Lottie cried, her face lighting up. But she added, after a moment, "I am too ignorant to be worth talking to; you will be disgusted. I never thought much about Handel. It was not Handel, it was *that*." A flush of color came over her face with the recollection. She was too uninstructed (notwithstanding the neighborhood of the Abbey) to have fully woken up to Handel or any one. "I sup-

pose I have heard it and did not pay much attention to it," she said; "it was singing it. One does not understand at first — till suddenly one hears one's self, and you say, 'What is this that is speaking; what is this? it cannot be *me*!'"

"I think I understand — a little," said Rollo doubtfully; "though it is simply *you* that makes a something quite familiar, a piece of music we have all heard a hundred times, become a new revelation to us all in a moment. I am going away, Miss Despard, and it may be some time before I return. Would you do me such a great favor — which I have no right to ask — as to sing me something now before I go?"

But Lottie would not sing. She said, "Oh no, no," with a half terror which he did not understand, and which she did not understand herself. The tone was one which forbade the repetition of the request. He begged her pardon anxiously, and there was a little languid conversation about other subjects, and then he rose. He put out his hand again, looking into her eyes, which she raised shyly, almost for the first time. Rollo had a way of looking into the eyes of women to whom he wished to make himself agreeable. It is sometimes very impertinent, and always daring, but, especially when the woman's imagination is on the side of the gazer, it is very efficacious. Lottie was entirely inexperienced, and she trembled under this look, but felt it penetrate to her very heart.

"Till we meet again," he said, with a smile, holding her hand for that necessary moment while he said his good-bye. "It will not be very long; and I hope you will be kind to me, Miss Despard, and let me hear you —"

"Good-bye," said Lottie. She could not bear it any longer. She blamed herself afterwards for being rude, as she sat down and went over the incident again and again. She seemed to herself to have dismissed him quite rudely, pulling her hand away, cutting short what he was saying. But Rollo, for his part, did not feel that it was rude. He went down the narrow stairs with his heart beating a little quicker than usual, and a sense that here was something quite fresh and novel, something not like the little flirtations with which he was so familiar, and which amused him a great deal in general. This he had just touched, *effleuré*, with his usual easy sentiment, was something quite out of the common. It startled him with the throb in it. He went away quite thoughtful, his heart in a most unusual commo-

tion, and forgot until he was miles away from St. Michael's that Lottie Despard was to be the English prima donna, who was to make his fortune, if properly managed. "Ah, to be sure, that was it," he said to himself suddenly in the railway carriage, as he was going to town. He really had forgotten what it was that took him to town at this unsuitable moment of the year.

The rest of the morning glided dreamily away after an incident like this; and it was not till late in the afternoon that Lottie suddenly awoke to the necessity of making an effort, and shaking off the empire of dreams: this was how she became convinced of the necessity of it. She had been sitting, as on the former occasion, with a basket of mending by her when Rollo came in. She had all the clothes of the household to keep in order, and naturally they were not done in one day. After Mr. Ridsdale was gone, she took up her work languidly, keeping it on her knee while she went over all that had happened again and again, as has been recorded. When, at last, startled by a sound outside, she began to work in earnest, then and there a revelation of a character totally distinct from that made by Handel burst upon her. It was not a revelation of the same kind, but it was very startling. Lottie found — *that she had not yet finished the hole in the sock which she had begun to mend before Mr. Ridsdale's first visit!* She was still in the middle of that one hole. She remembered exactly where she stuck her needle in the middle of a woolly hillock, as she heard him coming up-stairs; and there it was still, in precisely the same place. This discovery made her heart jump almost as much as Mr. Ridsdale's visit had done. What an evidence of wicked idling, of the most foolish dreaming and unprofitable thoughts was in it! Lottie blushed, though she was alone, to the roots of her hair, and seizing the sock with an impassioned glow of energy, never took breath till the stern evidence of that hole was done away with. And then she could not give herself any rest. She felt her dreams floating about her with folded pinions, ready to descend upon her and envelop her in their shadow if she gave them the chance; but she was determined that she would not give them the chance. As soon as she had finished the pair of socks, and folded them carefully up, she went to look for Law to suggest that they should go immediately to Mr. Ashford. Law had only just come in from a furtive expedition out of doors, and had scarcely

time to spread his books open before him when she entered his room. But he would not go to Mr. Ashford. It was time enough for that, and he meant in the mean time to "work up" by himself, he declared. Lottie became more energetic than ever in the revulsion of feeling, and determination not to yield further to any vanity. She pleaded with him, stormed at him, but in vain. "At the worst I can always 'list,'" he said, half in dogged resistance to her, half in boyish mischief to vex her. But he would not yield to her desire to consult Mr. Ashford, though he had assented at first. He did not refuse to go "some time," but nothing that she could say would induce him to go now. This brought in again all the contradictions and cares of her life to make her heart sore when she turned back out of the enchanted land in which for a little while she had been delivered from these cares. They all came back upon her open-mouthed, like wild beasts, she thought. Law resisting everything that was good for him, and her father — But Lottie could not realize the change that threatened to come upon her through her father. It seemed like the suggestion of a dream. Law must be deceived, it must be all a delusion, it was not possible, it was not credible. The captain came in early that night, and he came up-stairs into the little drawing-room, to which he had no habit of coming. He told his daughter in a stately way that he heard her singing had given great satisfaction at the Deanery. "More than one person has mentioned it to me," he said; "that is of course a satisfaction. And — who is the gentleman you have been having here so much?"

"There has been no one here very much," said Lottie; then she blushed in spite of herself, though she did not suppose that was what he alluded to. "You do not mean Mr. Ridsdale?" she said.

"How many visitors have you got?" he said, in high good-humor. "Perhaps it is Mr. Ridsdale — Lady Caroline's nephew? Ah, I like the family. It was he you sang to? Well, no harm; you've got a very pretty voice — and so had your mother before you," the captain added, with a carefully prepared sigh.

"It was only once," said Lottie, confused. "Mrs O'Shaughnessy was here; it was after we had been singing at the Deanery; it was —"

"My child," said the captain, "I am not finding fault. No harm in putting your best foot foremost. I wish you'd do it a little more. At your age you ought to be

thinking about getting married. And, to tell the truth, it would be a great convenience to me, and suit my plans beautifully, if you would get married. You mustn't stand shilly-shallying; let him come to the point — or, if he won't, my dear, refer him to me."

"I don't know what you mean," cried Lottie. Fortunately for her, he had thought her a child up to the time of their migration to St. Michael's, and she had been subjected to very little advice of this description. But, though she gazed at him with wondering eyes, she knew very well by the instinct of horror and repulsion in her mind what he meant. It gave her a shock of pain and shame which ran like electricity to her very finger points. "I think you must be making a mistake," she said. "I scarcely know Mr. Ridsdale at all. He has called here twice — on business — for Lady Caroline — and now he has gone away."

"Gone away!" the captain said, his face lengthening with disappointment and dismay; "gone away! then you're a fool — a greater fool than I thought you. What's to become of you, do you ever ask yourself? Good lord, what a chance to throw away! One of the Courtland family — a fellow with a turn for music — that you could have turned round your little finger! And to let him go away! By George," said the captain, making a stride towards her, and clenching his fist in the energy of his disapproval, "I don't believe you're any child of mine. Clever — you think you're clever? and so did your mother, poor woman! but you're an idiot; that is what you are — an idiot! to let such a chance slip through your fingers. Good lord! to think such a fool should be a child of mine!"

Lottie stood her ground firmly. She was not afraid of the clenched fist, nor even of the angry voice and eyes which were more genuine. If there was a slight tremor in her, it was of her own excited nerves. She made no reply; if she had spoken, what could she have done but express her own passionate loathing for his advice, and for his disapproval, and perhaps even for himself? for she had not been brought up to reverence the faulty father, whose evil qualities her mother had discussed in Lottie's presence as long as she could remember. There had not been any illusion in his children's eyes after their babyhood, in respect to Captain Despard, and perhaps in the present emergency this was well. She stood and met his fury, pale, but more disdainful than des-

perate. It was no more than she would have expected of him had she ever thought of the emergency at all.

Law had heard the sound of the battle from afar; he heard his father's voice raised, and the sound of the stroke upon the table with which he had emphasized one of his sentences. It was a godsend to the unenthusiastic student to be disturbed by anything, and he came in sauntering with his hands in his pockets, partly with the intention of taking Lottie's part, partly for the sake of "the fun," whatever it might be. "What's the row?" he asked. He had slippers on, and shuffled along heavily, and his coat was very old and smelt of tobacco, though that was a luxury in which Law could indulge but sparingly. He had his hands in his pockets, and his hair was well rubbed in all directions by the efforts he had made over his unbeloved books. Thus it was but a slovenly angel that came to Lottie's aid. He stopped the yawn which his "reading" had brought on, and looked at the belligerents with some hope of amusement. "I say, don't bully Lottie," he exclaimed, but not with any fervor. He would not have allowed any one to lay a finger upon her, but a little bullying, such as she administered to him daily, that perhaps would do Lottie no harm. However, he was there in her defence if things should come to any extremity. She was of his faction, and he of hers; but yet he thought a little bullying of the kind she gave so liberally might do Lottie no harm.

"Go away, Law; it is no matter; it is nothing. Papa was only communicating some of his ideas — forcibly," said Lottie, with a smile of defiance; but, as there was always a fear in her mind lest these two should get into collision, she added hastily, "Law, I don't want you — go away."

"He can stay," said the captain. "I have something to say to you both. Look here. I thought in the first place that she had hit off something for herself," he said, turning half round to his son. "I thought she had caught that fellow, that Ridsdale; from what I had heard, I thought that was certain — that there would be no difficulty on that side."

The captain had left his original ground. Instead of reproaching Lottie, in which he was strong, he was in the act of disclosing his own intentions, and this was much less certain ground. He looked at Law, and he wavered. Big lout! he knew a great deal too much already. Captain Despard looked at Law as at a possible rival, a being who had been thrust into

his way. The workroom had no secrets from Law.

"I think the governor's right there," said Law confidentially; "he's a big fish, but he's all right if you give him time."

New fury blazed on Lottie's face. She, too, clenched her hands passionately. She stamped her foot upon the floor. "How dare you?" she said, "how dare you insult me in my own home, you two men? Oh, yes, I know who you are — my father and my brother, my father and my brother! the two who ought to protect a girl and take care of her! Oh, is it not enough to make one hate, and loathe and despise!" said Lottie, dashing her white clenched hands into the air. Tears that seemed to burn her came rushing from her eyes. She looked at them with wild indignation and rage, in which there was still a certain appeal. How could they, how could they shame a girl so? They looked at her for a moment in this rage, which was so impotent and so pitiful, and then they gave a simultaneous laugh. When an exhibition of passionate feeling does not overawe, it amuses. It is so ludicrous to see a creature crying, weeping, suffering for some trifle which would not in the least affect ourselves. Lottie was struck dumb by this laugh. She gave a startled look up at them through those hot seas of salt, scalding tears that were in her eyes.

"What a fool you are making of yourself!" said the captain. "Women are the greatest fools there are on this earth, always with some high-flown rubbish or other in their stupid heads. Your own home! and who made it your home, I should like to know? That's simple enough. And I don't say you hadn't a right to shelter when you were a little thing; but that's long out of the question. A girl of twenty ought to be thinking about getting herself a real home of her own. How are you going to do it? that's the question. You are not going to stay here to be a burden upon me all your life, and what do you mean to do?"

"I will go to-morrow!" cried Lottie wildly; "I would go to-night if it were not dark. I will go — and free you of the burden!" Here she stopped; all the angry color went out of her face. She looked at them with great, wide eyes, appalled; and clasped her hands together with a lamentable cry. "Oh! but I never thought of it before; I never thought of it!" she cried; "where am I to go?"

Law's heart smote him; he drew a step nearer to her. To agree with his father (however much in his heart he agreed with

his father) was abandoning his sister—and his own side. "He doesn't mean it," he said soothingly in an undertone; "he only wants to bully you, Lottie. Never mind him, we'll talk it over after," and he put his big hand upon her shoulder to console her. Lottie turned upon him, half furious, half appealing. She could not see him till two big tears fell out of her eyes, and cleared her sight a little. She clutched at the hand upon her shoulder in her distraction and despair.

"Come with me, Law! Two of us together, we can go anywhere; two can go anywhere. Oh! how can you tell me never to mind? Do you hear me?" she cried, seizing his arm with both her hands, half shaking him, half clinging to him; "say you will come with me, Law!"

"Stop this stuff!" said the captain. "I am not telling you to go; I am telling you what is your plain duty, the only thing a woman is fit for. Besides, this young fellow would be of great use to me; it's your duty to get hold of him for the good of the family. He might say a good word for me at the Horse Guards; he might get Law something. I never expected you would have such a chance! Do you think I want you to go away just when there's a chance that you might be of some use? Am I a fool, do you think? You'll stay where you are, Lottie Despard! You'll not go disgracing your family, governing, or anything of that sort."

"Ah!" said Law suddenly, "she'll wish she had listened to the signor now."

"To the signor? what of the signor? is he after her too?" cried the captain eagerly. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and though the signor had no interest with the Horse Guards, he had money, and might be of use in many ways. Captain Despard's eyes lightened up. "Whew!" he whistled. "Lottie! so, my child, you've got two strings to your bow?"

Lottie turned upon her brother, whose arm she had been holding with both her hands. She pushed him, flung him from her with an energy of which she had not appeared capable, and throwing her head high, looked her father in the face and walked out of the room. Law, confounded by the force with which she threw him from her, caught at her angrily as she passed; but she pulled her dress from his hand, and walked past him with a contempt that stung him—callous as he was. As for the captain, he made no effort to detain her, partly because of his surprise, partly that he was anxious to

have more information about (as he supposed) this second suitor. She went straight to her own room, while they stood listening till she had shut the door upon herself and her passion. Then the captain ventured to laugh again, but low, not to be heard; for the look of any creature driven to bay is alarming, and Lottie's sudden withdrawal was a relief.

"Whoever gets her will catch a tartar! eh, Law?" he said. "But now that she's gone, let's hear all about the signor."

There was no light in Lottie's room; nothing but the faint starlight outside, and as much of the familiar glimmer of the few feeble lamps in the Dean's Walk as could get in through her small window. How is it that so small a bit of space, such four strait walls, should hold in such a throbbing, palpitating, agitated being, with projects wide enough and fury hot enough to burst them like a child's toy? It was in her to have torn her hair or anything that came in the way of her fevered hands; to have filled the air with cries; to have filled the whole world with her protest against this intolerable shame and wretchedness which had come upon her. But she only threw herself on her bed in the dark and silence, letting no sound or movement betray her. She was not prostrated as by unkindness, or stung by reproach; but wounded, shamed, desecrated—the very sanctity of her dreams turned into a horror to her. And Law gone against her—Law gone over to the other side!

From Nature.

THE COMING TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE.

THERE is no doubt whatever that the eclipse which will sweep over the United States next July will be observed as no eclipse has ever been observed before. The wealth of men, the wealth of instruments, and the wealth of skill in all matters astronomical already accumulated there, makes us old-country people almost gasp when we try to picture to ourselves what the golden age will be like there, when already they are so far ahead of us in so many particulars.

Draper, Hall, Harkness, Holden, Langley, Newcomb, Peters, Peirce, Pickering, Rutherford, Trouvelot, and last, but not least, Young, are the names that at once run easily off the pen to form a skeleton list, capable of considerable expansion

with a little thought, when one thinks of the men who will be there. One knows too that all the enthusiasm of devoted students and all the appliances of modern science — appliances in the creation of which many of those named have borne so noble a part — will not be lacking. So that we may be sure that not only all old methods but all possible new ones will be tried to make this year one destined to be memorable in the annals of science side by side with 1706, 1851, 1860, and other later years.

Thank Heaven, too, there is no necessity that the thankless task of organizing an "Eclipse Expedition" from this country should fall on any unfortunate individual, among other reasons because — and this is a very hopeful sign of increasing general interest taken in scientific work — Messrs. Ismay, Imray and Co., the owners of the White Star Line, have expressed in the warmest manner their desire to aid English observers by a considerable reduction of fares, and the directors of the Pennsylvania Railway Company, as the readers of *Nature* have already been made aware, have done the like in the case of observers coming from Europe in their individual capacity.*

The progress in that branch of knowledge which requires the aid of eclipse observations has been so rapid during the last few years that the eclipse of 1868, though it happened only ten years ago, seems to be as far removed from the present as the Middle Ages are in regard to many other branches of culture. The work done by the spectroscope since that year, when, in the hands of Janssen, Pogson, Herschel, and others, it added so enormously to our knowledge, has gradually covered larger and larger ground, and each successive eclipse in 1869, 1870, 1871 and 1875, has seen some variations in its use, so that its employment has proved the most novel, if not the most powerful, side of the attack.

Young's work of 1869 will no doubt form the key-note of much that will be done this year so far as the coronal atmosphere is concerned. It will be remembered that Young in 1869 observed a continuous spectrum, while Janssen in 1871 observed a non-continuous one, for he recorded the presence of the more

prominent Fraunhofer lines, notably D. This positive observation from so distinguished an observer demands attention, not only on its own account, but because of the question which hangs upon it, which is this: does the corona reflect solar light to us or does it not, and if it does, *where* are those particles which thus act as reflectors? On this point the photographs taken in Siam in 1875 are silent, as the method employed was not intended to discriminate between a continuous and a discontinuous spectrum.

But although this point remains, how greatly has the ground been cleared since 1869! That wonderful line, "1474," is more familiar to us now; and yet there has been almost a chapter of accidents about it. In the first place, with regard to this line above all others, there appears to be a mistake in Angström's map; the solar line at 1474 is not due to iron at all; with the most powerful arc there is no iron line to be seen there. Then Secchi attributed it to hydrogen, though I am not aware on what evidence. But whatever be its origin, the fact remains that we now know by its means that the solar hydrogen is traversed and enwrapped by the substance which gives rise to the line to an enormous height, so that it forms the highest portion of the atmosphere which is hot enough to render its presence manifest to us by spectral lines. Here, so far as I know, only one point of difference remains. In 1871 I most distinctly saw the line trumpet-shaped, that is, with the base broadening as the spectrum of the photosphere was reached, while Janssen saw it stopping short of the spectrum of the photosphere. The importance of this point is that supposing one of us to be mistaken and one or other observation to represent a *constant* condition, then, if the line broadens downwards till the sun is reached we are dealing with a gas lighter than hydrogen, capable of existing at a high temperature, which thins out as the other gases and vapors do in consequence of its vapor-density being below that of hydrogen; or, on the other hand, if the line stops short as a constant condition, it represents a substance which is probably dissociated at the lower levels, and is therefore probably a compound gas; and then the question arises whether it has not hydrogen as one of its constituents.

Perhaps I may conveniently refer to a paper of mine which was read at the Royal Society last Thursday in this connection, because it may be that the solar regions most worthy of the closest study at

* In fact Messrs. Ismay, Imray and Co. have just announced that they will take properly certified observers and bring them home again for the sum of 20*l.*, which is rather less than first-class single fare; so that English observers will be carried to Denver or the Rocky Mountains and back again for the sum of 34*l.*

the present time are precisely these higher reaches of the sun's atmosphere. There is little doubt, I think, that around the sun's visible atmosphere matter exists at a temperature low enough not to give us its autobiography in the bright-line manner, and there is evidence that matter existing under such conditions, absorbing as it must do some of the sun's light, will, if it remains elemental, give us an absorption of the fluted kind, or again will absorb only in the blue or ultra-violet region.

Now the more the chemistry of the reversing lower layer of the sun's atmosphere—that in which the upper level of the photosphere is bathed—is examined the more metallic it is found to be. For instance, my own work has enabled me to trace with more or less certainty eighteen metallic elements,* in addition to those recorded by previous observers; but of metalloids in this region I have traced none. The persistency with which metal after metal revealed itself to the exclusion of the metalloids led me to throw out the idea some time ago, that perhaps the metalloids lay as a whole above the metals, and shortly afterwards I obtained evidence which seemed to me of a very satisfactory nature as to the existence of carbon, its presence in the sun's atmosphere being rendered probable by fluted bands, and not by lines. There were two points, however, which remained to be settled before the matter could be considered to be placed beyond all doubt.

The first was to establish that the fluted bands generally present in the spectrum of the electric arc, as photographed, which bands vary very considerably in strength according to the volatility of the metal under experiment, were really bands of carbon—a point denied by Angström and Thalén.

This point I have settled by two photographs, in which the carbon bands remain the same, though one spectrum is that of carbon in air, the other of carbon in dry chlorine.

The next point was to insure accuracy by the most positive evidence that there was absolutely no shift in the carbon bands. Such a shift is produced when the part of the arc photographed is not perfectly in the prolongation of the axis of the collimator of the spectroscop. Its effect is to throw the lines of iron, for instance, a little to the right or a little to

the left of the Fraunhofer lines with which they really correspond.

I have now obtained a photograph which supplies such evidence. There are metallic lines close to the carbon bands which are prolongations of Fraunhofer's lines, while the lines which I have already mapped at W. L., 39°27 and 39°295, in the spectrum of iron, are also absolute prolongations. Therefore there is no shift in the carbon flutings, and the individual members of the fluted spectra in the brightest portion are absolute prolongations of a fine series of Fraunhofer lines in the ultra-violet.

Now how does this connect itself with observations of the upper parts of the solar atmosphere?

Angström has already shown that the true carbon lines which we get when a coil and jar are employed are not reversed in the spectrum of the sun, and I have already shown that the calcium spectrum in the sun is similar to the spectrum obtained when the spark, and not the arc, is employed. Accompanying the change from a high to a higher temperature, there is a change in the intensity of the lines—some thicken, others become thinner. We can only match the relative thickness of the solar calcium lines by employing a very powerful coil and jar—so powerful, indeed, that the lines, and not the flutings, of carbon would be visible in the spark given by it. It is fair then to say that if carbon were present with the calcium in the sun's reversing layer, we should get the lines of carbon when we get the calcium lines appearing as they do.

As we do not get this evidence, we are driven to the conclusion that the carbon vapor exists not only in a more complicated molecular condition (as is evinced by the flutings) than the metallic vapors in the sun's atmosphere, but at a lower temperature. It must, therefore, exist above the chromosphere, that is, in a region of lower temperature. Lower pressure, again is indicated by the feeble reversal, so that everything points to a high level.

The question is, will this region be recognized during the coming eclipse?

Coming down lower we reach a level better known, and of which, perhaps, the interest during the eclipse will now be less, if we except the possibilities opened out to us by photography. One good photograph of the lines visible in the lower chromosphere will be of incalculable value. Attempts may be made on the cusps just before and after totality, and if only one

* These are strontium, lead, cadmium, potassium, cerium, uranium, vanadium, palladium, molybdenum, indium, lithium, rubidium, cesium, bismuth, tin, lanthanum, glucinum, and yttrium or erbium.

of these succeeds we shall have the ordinary solar spectrum as a scale. If good pictures near H can be secured, enough information now exists for that region to enable us to determine the chemical origin of the bright lines photographed. These remarks apply to attempts made with spectroscopes furnished with slits in the ordinary way; there is little doubt, however, that the method utilized for the Siam eclipse in 1875, the method suggested by Prof. Young and myself for the Indian eclipse of 1871, will also be taken advantage of; here the chromosphere itself becomes the slit. A dispersed series of spectral images of the thing itself, instead of the spectrum of a part of the image of it focussed on a slit is obtained, the position of each image in the spectrum enabling its chemical origin to be ascertained if only a comparison spectrum can be secured at the same time.

In 1875, in the expedition to Siam, the photographs of this nature were obtained by means of a prism, and the results obtained by that expedition led me to think that, possibly, this method of using the coronal atmosphere as a circular slit might be applied under very favorable conditions if the prism, or train of prisms, hitherto employed, were replaced by a reflection grating, with which the generosity of Mr. Rutherford has made many of us familiar, for the simple reason that while a prism only gives us one spectrum, a brilliant grating placed at right angles to an incident beam gives us spectra of different orders, so-called, on each side of the line, perpendicular to its surface. Of these two or three are bright enough to be utilized on each side, so that we can get six in all.

To test this notion I made the following experiment with a grating given to me by Mr. Rutherford. This magnificent instrument contains seventeen thousand two hundred and eighty lines to the inch, ruled on glass and silvered; its brilliancy is remarkable.

In front of the condenser of an electric lamp adjusted to throw a parallel beam, I placed a circular aperture, cut in cardboard, forming a ring some two inches in interior diameter, the breadth of the ring being about one-eighth of an inch. This was intended to represent the chromosphere, and formed my artificial eclipse.

At some distance from the lamp I mounted a three and three-fourths inch Cooke telescope. Some distance short of the focus I placed the grating; the spectrum of the circular slit illuminated

by sodium vapor and carbon vapor was photographed for the first, second, and third orders on one side. The third-order spectrum, showing the exquisite rings due to the carbon-vapor flutings, was produced in forty-two seconds. The first-order spectrum, obtained in the same period of time, was very much over-exposed. It is, therefore, I think, not expecting too much that we should be able to take a photograph of the eclipse, in the third order, in two minutes. Similarly, we may hope for a photograph of the second order in two minutes, and it is, I think, highly probable also that a photograph of the first order may be obtained in one minute. To make assurance doubly sure, the whole of the totality may be used during the coming eclipse, but if there be several such attempts made it will certainly be worth while to try what a shorter exposure will do.

Now, by mounting photographic plates on both sides of the axis, one solidly mounted equatorial of short focal length may enable us to obtain several such photographs, with varying lengths of exposure. I insist upon the solidity of the mounting because, if any one plate is to be exposed during the whole of totality, the instrument must not be violently disturbed or shaken while the eclipse is going on. I think, however, it is quite possible to obtain more than one photograph of the lower-order spectra without any such disturbance in this way. The same plate may be made to record three, or even four, exposures in the case of the first order in an eclipse of four minutes' duration, by merely raising or lowering it after a given time, by means of a rapid screw or other equivalent contrivance, so that a fresh portion of the same plate may be exposed. Similarly, the plates on which the spectra of the second order are to be recorded may be made to perform double duty.

If one equatorial thus mounted were to be devoted to each quadrant of the coronal atmosphere, it is certain, I think, that most important results would be obtained.

It will be convenient here to give the results arrived at by the Siam expedition with an instrument of this description, which, for shortness, was called a prismatic camera.

The plates secured present at first sight a very puzzling appearance; they are unlike anything ever obtained before, and a good deal of thought had to be spent upon them before all the knowledge they were afterwards found capable of furnishing to

as was properly appreciated. One of the plates was exposed for one minute at the commencement of totality, the other for two minutes at the end. The differences between them are those due to the phases of the eclipse. In the first, two strong protuberances close together are photographed; these are partially covered up in the second, while another series is revealed on the following limb in consequence of the motion of the moon over the sun.

Now in both the photographs—that exposed for one minute and that exposed for two—the strongest of the prominences are repeated three times, that is to say, three spectral images of them are visible, each of these images being produced by light of different wave-lengths which the prominences emitted.

The question is what are these particular wave-lengths thus rendered visible? Unfortunately no photograph was taken of the cusps either before or after totality; a scale therefore was out of the question; and when the task of assigning wave-lengths to these spectral images fell upon Dr. Schuster and myself, while we were preparing the report which was sent in to the Royal Society last year, the difficulties we encountered were very considerable.

Everybody I think will consider that we were justified in expecting the lines of hydrogen to be represented in such a photograph. Now the photographic hydrogen lines are those at F, near G, and at *h*, and the silver salts usually employed are such that the action is most intense near G, less intense near *h*, and least at F; the running down from G to F being rapid, and that from G to *h* much more gradual, so that while at one end F may be said to be the limit of photographic activity, at the other it is continued long past *h*. We were therefore justified in assuming as the preliminary hypothesis, that the image of least refrangibility was produced by the F light of hydrogen, the more so as the continuous spectrum also photographed—which continuous spectrum, as we had independent means of determining, came from the base of the corona—gave us also an idea of the part of the spectrum in which each image was located.

Taking then F as a starting-point and assuming the next line to be the one near G, we had a quite satisfactory method of checking the assumption, by comparing the real distance between the images with the calculated one.

A goniometer was therefore brought into requisition, and the angular distance

between F and the line near G carefully measured in order to determine the dispersion of the prism actually employed. This dispersion was one which should bring the images about as far apart as they were actually found to be; this therefore was so far in favor of our assumption, that is to say, it did look as if we had got hold, on the photographs, of images of the prominences built up by the F and G light of hydrogen.

It was next the turn of the third line, the one at *h*. On the assumption already made, it was easy to determine the distance from the G image, at which the one representing *h* should lie. In this place, however, we found no image whatever of any of the prominences.

Now this was a very extraordinary result, and there was only one way, so far as we could then see, of accounting for it. Dr. Frankland and myself, nearly ten years ago now, produced evidence which seemed to indicate that this line of hydrogen was only produced by a very high temperature. This being so, then, we should have to conclude that the prominences were of a relatively low temperature; this, however, I am far from saying, and here there is undoubted work of the greatest value to be done at the next eclipse, and I for one feel certain that our American cousins will do it.

I have not, however, yet referred to the strongest image of all shown in the photographs. This lies a little further from the central one than does the first on the other side of it. On the assumption before stated its wave-length lies somewhere near 3957. This number, of course, is only an approximate one, but the region occupied by the line was obviously so near the boundary of the visible spectrum, that a long series of experiments, in which we called in the aid of photography and fluorescence, was made in order to determine whether an unrecorded hydrogen line existed in that region. All I can say is that the point may be said to be yet undetermined. It is quite true that in several vacuum tubes which Dr. Schuster and myself employed, a strong line more refrangible than H was seen, but then these same tubes unfortunately showed us lines in the visible spectrum, which beyond all doubt did not belong to hydrogen. The elimination of impurities is such a delicate matter, and one requiring such a large expenditure of time, that our report was sent in leaving this point *sub judice*. We tried hydrogen at atmospheric pres-

sure in order to get such a predominance of the hydrogen vibrations as to mask the impurities, but this did not serve us, for the continuous spectrum was so bright in the violet and ultra-violet as to render observations of lines next to impossible. Owing to many reasons, Dr. Schuster's absence from London being one of them, we have not been able to renew the search.

The near coincidence of this spectral image with the H line leads us to ask the question whether Young's beautiful work in his mountain observatory might not help us on this point. Young found the calcium lines always reversed in the penumbra, and near every large spot. This important statement shows us that calcium is one of the metallic vapors which is most frequently ejected from below into the prominences; it is possible, therefore, that the prominences, the spectral images of which were photographed, may have been due to an eruption of calcium. This, of course, is only a suggestion, but the fact that it is a suggestion merely shows how important it is that this point should engage attention next July. If the prominences are then constituted as they were in '75, this violet line will doubtless turn up again, and that is why I have been most anxious to point out not only the conclusions to which we have been led, but the extreme difficulty of arriving at any conclusion whatever, unless by one method or another we have an absolute comparison of the spectrum of the prominences with that of the sun itself.

I have before referred to the fact of the registration on the plates of a continuous spectrum. If we were to suppose the whole light of the corona to be due to 1474 light, for instance, we should expect to get just as definite an image of the corona in the prismatic camera as in an ordinary one. And if everything outside the moon gave us nothing but a line spectrum, the moon's limb would have a perfectly defined edge. Now as a matter of fact, only one such edge is seen in the photographs. We have only one complete ring with a thoroughly defined hard outline, such as that to which reference has been made. This hard ring corresponds to the second spectral image of the prominences, and is a continuation of it. Supposing we were right about the prominences, the ring would be due to the high-temperature λ line of hydrogen (supposing us wrong it might be a companion line to 1474); as the observations of Respighi, Janssen, and others, in the Indian eclipse of '71 endorsed the American observations of '69

that the hydrogen lines are the strongest in the photographic parts of the corona, we may very possibly be really dealing with hydrogen.

Now the edge of the corona, or the upper part of it considering it as the sun's atmosphere, as seen on our photographs, is precisely such as would be given by homogeneous light; that is, there is a distinct image, and there is one image and not three or any other number. Have we any means of determining the wave-length of the light by which this image has been produced? Let me give an idea of one method which we employed. A circle of the same size as the image of the moon on a photographic enlargement of the original negative was cut in paper and placed over the enlargement until the corona was symmetrical round it, as we know it to have been symmetrical round the moon's body, or nearly so, at that phase of the eclipse.

We found as a considerable endorsement of the assumption which we made regarding the hydrogenic origin of the chromospheric images, that the paper circle in this position had its circumference coincident with the hard ring to which I have referred as being a continuation of the middle spectral image of the prominences. Next, one of the ordinary photographs of the corona was enlarged to the same size as that of the one produced in the prismatic camera. When these were superposed so that the outlines of both coincided as much as possible, it was again found that the edge of the moon lay along the ring.

Now then for the continuous spectrum. The general woolliness of the photographs which at first sight gives rise to the idea that they were out of focus, and that there is nothing to be got out of them, is of course only in one direction, that at right angles to the edge of the prism employed. There is a well-defined structure running parallel to this direction, which of course is the line of dispersion; this structure is doubtless due to irregularities in the corona, drawn out by the prism into bands; it is easy to determine the limits of this continuous spectrum.

Examining the centre of the photographs we find that on one side the structure stops short at F, on the other it extends to a considerable distance beyond the prominence image in the ultra-violet, spaces of light being visible beyond 3530.

From these data we concluded that the continuous-spectrum-giving region extends at least to a distance of $3'$ of arc from the sun's limb. This continuous spectrum is

well shown on photographs taken at the beginning and end of the eclipse. One of the plates of the prismatic camera was exposed, until the signal for the end of totality was given. Dr. Schuster states that all the observers agreed that the signal was given rather too late, and the fog on the plate indicates an intense illumination; nevertheless, the edge of the sun is not drawn out into a continuous band but rather into three distinct bands. It is probable, therefore, that when the plate was exposed, only the lower part of the chromosphere had appeared, and that it gave out light of such intensity that everybody imagined that the sun itself had come out of eclipse. I observed this myself in 1871, and a very striking fact it is.

So much then for the results obtained by the prismatic camera in '75. When the report is issued — and its issue cannot be much longer delayed — it will be seen that the hasty sketch I have now given can be followed in greater detail.

One of the most remarkable points about the expedition to Siam was the failure to obtain even spectra of the sun with the ordinary telespectroscopic cameras employed. No doubt the unforeseen delays which left very little time for the adjustment of instruments, have a great deal to answer for. I have little doubt that if the attempt is made next July, when any quantity of skilled help will be at hand, and any amount of rehearsal will be possible, that a full measure of success will be obtained, at all events for the most photographic part of the spectrum. An ordinary photograph of the corona was obtained by Dr. Schuster in two seconds; and my experience with photographic spectra enables me to say that this photograph was taken by means of an almost monochromatic light — that near G. Now as the coming eclipse will enable an exposure of almost one hundred times longer than this to be employed, I do not think that the undoubted feebleness of the object need be feared. Besides, this method would enable us to pick up the light of these lower reaches of the chromosphere which, as has been already stated, are of such extreme brilliancy as to have been mistaken, on many occasions, for the sun itself.

Up to the present time no attempt has been made to obtain a photographic record of the polarization of the corona. The difference of colors indicating radial polarization observed by me when I used the biquartz in 1871, certainly have left the impression on my mind that it would be

quite easy to obtain a permanent record of them. This would be a very valuable result, and one which would set at rest a question which, though I consider it settled in my own mind, is yet, I believe, held to be still doubtful by many interested in these matters.

In what I have written I have touched only upon obvious work suggested by the previous observations. I have little doubt that the preparations of the skilled astronomers of the United States include many surprises and daring attempts among the solid work which we are quite certain of.

All here wish them the extremest measure of success, which I am sure their efforts will do more than command.

J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ON KEEPING SILENCE FROM GOOD WORDS.

WHY should the simple and reverent mention of the name of God in conversation at an ordinary dinner party cause a sudden chill, an awkward break in the conversation, as though some solecism, some offence against good manners, had been committed? Why should any approach to a discussion on religious subjects be impossible in general society? People talk freely enough on politics, on art, on science, on literature; more freely still on the mere personal gossip of the day; the one subject which is by general consent proscribed is that which by general consent is allowed to be the most important, and which one might therefore suppose to be the most interesting. It is worth while to inquire into the cause of so singular a phenomenon.

The first and most obvious answer to the question which we have proposed would be, that this reticence arises from reverence. No one, it will be said, talks much in ordinary company of that which he most reveres; in calling such subjects *sacred*, we imply that they are not to be profaned by rude handling, but are to be kept as it were in a shrine apart from the traffic of the everyday world. It may be so; and yet if it be so, it is a phenomenon peculiar to us English Protestants. For the Hebrew of old, whose reverence as uttered by psalmists and prophets has been the type of all the deepest thoughts of men ever since, habitually spoke with his neighbor of God and of divine things. "As the Lord liveth," seemed to him

the simplest and most natural way of affirming his belief in what he said. The Mahomedan has no lack of reverence; yet it is as natural to him to speak of Allah as it is to us to speak of nature; nor would it be easy to find words more deeply reverent, more touchingly natural, or more simply pathetic than those of the aged Nanyk Pasha, who in lamenting the fall of his nation said to the correspondent of the *Daily News*, "Allah is great. If he wills that we are to come through this trouble, he will find means to do so. We have done our best. We have now no help, no hope, but in him. If he wills that we are to perish, we are content." The English Puritan of the seventeenth century, though he did not express it in the same conventional forms with ourselves, was full of reverence for the unseen world; yet he, like the Hebrew of the Old Testament whom in so many other respects he resembled, habitually and naturally spoke of the unseen as though it were the world in which he lived and moved. Or, to come nearer to our own day, the Tyrolese peasant who raises his hat to each roadside crucifix that he passes, speaks of the *liebe Herr Gott* as familiarly as he does of the officials of his native village. It is true that a cultivated mind will shrink from a familiarity of speech which to a ruder taste will seem natural; yet there is, one should think, some medium between over-familiarity and the total ignoring of the subject.

A very different answer to our question will be given by many in the present day. Of course, they will say, people nowadays do not speak of religion, because they do not really believe in it. The Hebrew, who believed that God was about his path and about his bed; the Mahomedan, who believes that Allah compasses him round by an iron chain of destiny; the Puritan, who believed that he and the ruler of the universe were bound to each other by a special covenant—these believed, and therefore spoke: but the modern Englishman, who believes in evolution and natural laws, and to whom therefore the old idea of a deity regulating and arranging from hour to hour all the affairs of men and the course of nature is altogether foreign, will talk of a science which he believes, and not of a religion which he does not believe. Here probably we have got somewhat nearer to the root of the matter. No doubt, a very considerable number of our most highly educated and thoughtful men have ceased to hold any definite form of religious belief; yet for the most part

these are the very men who do not shrink from speaking, and speaking out, on religious subjects; you will be more likely to hear a religious discussion introduced by a scientific agnostic than by an orthodox man of business who goes as regularly to church on Sundays as he does to his office on week-days, and perhaps with the same business like view of providing comfortably for the future. Exactly so, will be the reply: your man of science at least knows what he believes and what he does not, and so he handles religious subjects as freely as he does others; whereas your man of business thinks he believes a good deal about religion, but in the inner recesses of his soul there lurks a dim consciousness that after all his believing is rather make-believe, and so he prudently eschews religious topics and confines himself to what he does thoroughly believe in, the price of stocks or the tendency of dry goods. Still, this does not after all completely satisfy the question: for there are numbers of intelligent and open-minded men who are in the position neither of our man of science nor of our man of business, but who, whether or not they may accept all the details of orthodox theology, do yet heartily believe in Christianity, and find in it the comfort and stay of their lives; and yet these men, though they sincerely regard religion as of all subjects the most important, would feel uncomfortable and distressed if it were introduced into discussion or conversation. We must therefore look somewhat farther for our answer.

Another reason which may very plausibly be alleged is this. On almost all other subjects men can agree to differ; on science, on art, on literature, persons may hold very different views, and yet be able to discuss them quietly and freely; even on politics, men no longer quarrel and renounce each other's acquaintance as they did fifty years ago: but religious questions are almost sure to generate heat. Nor is it difficult to account for this. The belief universal in the Middle Ages, that the divine judgment of a man depends not on his works, but on his opinions, that a mistake in religious dogma is not a mistake merely but a sin, and that a miscreant is a wicked man, has laid a strong hold not on language only, but also on those floating impressions which, rarely sifted or inquired into, are the motive springs of most men's actions. And hence, many a man who thinks his neighbor only a fool for agreeing with Lord Beaconsfield or with Mr. Gladstone, thinks him a bad

man for agreeing with Dr. Pusey or with Bishop Colenso; and so thinking, while in a political discussion — unless perhaps on the eve of a general election — he will usually keep his temper, on a religious question he will take fire and blaze forth into divine wrath. Indeed, it is a curious confirmation of this view, that political questions seem to excite strong feeling in proportion as the religious element enters into them. Of all home questions in our day, that of the Irish Church disestablishment has probably stirred more bitter feeling than any other; and — discreditable as such an avowal must be to the common sense of Englishmen — it can hardly be doubted that some additional acrimony has — very unnecessarily — been imported into the Eastern question by the fact that the High Church clergy have unanimously and enthusiastically taken the Russian, or at least the anti-Turkish side. If intolerance is to exist, it is no doubt better that it should kindle hot words than blazing faggots; but one cannot help hoping that with the progress of intelligence men may come to perceive that in theology, as in all other branches of knowledge, the air which by stagnating is apt to become unwholesome, is stirred and freshened by discussion, and that if they will discuss temperately and without heat, they may probably find that their differences are less than they imagined.

But we must look deeper yet for the ground-cause of the universal reticence on religious topics; and we shall find it in a change which has silently taken place in the conception of what religion is. We hear it commonly said, that religion is a matter entirely between a man and his God — the possessive pronoun in itself seeming to indicate a kind of separate interest as it were — and that the salvation of his own soul is the one supremely important matter for each man. And from this view of religion it naturally follows that to speak of religion means with most people to speak of their own inward condition, of their spiritual symptoms, of their growth in the spiritual life. Such religious speech, unless it be between those who are so one in heart and soul that it becomes rather thought than speech, is of all things the most unwholesome. For there is a spiritual as there is a bodily reserve and modesty, the violation of which leads to the loss of self-reverence, and to the profanation of that which is most sacred. But this view of religion is a wholly modern one. To the Hebrew, whose State was his Church and whose

Church was his State, whose public proclamation began not with "N. by the grace of God of the kingdom of Israel king," but with "Thus saith Jehovah" — to the Hebrew, whose politicians were inspired prophets and whose view of foreign nations was that all the gods of the heathen were but idols, but that Jehovah had chosen Jacob for himself and Israel for his own possession, to him not to speak of religion would have been simply to keep silence, for his daily life, his politics, his commerce with foreign nations, his wars, his treaties, his most private domestic relations, were all part of his religion. The Hebrew worship was the social life of the nation: the Hebrew scriptures were its literature. When Judaism passed into Christianity, the idea of the holy nation was superseded by that of the Church, and thus political and national relations unhappily lost their religious character, and for a time, partly under the influence of the expectation of the approaching end of all things, men's interests and thoughts were centred upon the unseen world. At such a time, the danger would be not of reticence on religious subjects, but of neglect and contempt of secular life. Still, the spirit of Christianity proclaims unmistakably the sacredness of common life; the monastic or ascetic principle, which cuts human life into two parts, one religious, the other secular, is not a true reading of the Christian law; where that law has been understood in its true import, there men have learnt that the domestic, the social, the political, and not the monastic, is the truly religious life. And hence, wherever religion has been understood not as a mere scheme for saving individual souls from future punishment, but as a kingdom of heaven on earth, wherever the religious life has been not the mere refined selfishness by which each several man tries to make the best terms he can for himself against a future life, but the struggle of mankind after clearer light and purer life, there men have not been ashamed to speak openly of it, because it is in fact nothing else than politics, art, science, and every other human interest looked at in their nobler and divine aspect.

If, then, this view of the matter is a true one, it would appear that the excessive reticence on religious subjects of which we have spoken arises not so much from reverence or from scepticism as from the individualism which is so marked a characteristic of modern religion, and which is the direct outcome of the Evangelical

movement. For this movement ignored the idea of the Church as a spiritual society, and — perhaps from the necessity of its position — addressed itself simply and solely to the work of quickening into life individual souls. How admirably it did this work, how it stirred with new life a whole generation of men, how Bristol colliers and Welsh quarrymen and Suffolk laborers and London merchants were alike melted by the eloquence, often rude enough, of men who spoke strongly because they spoke from the heart, is known to all who have read anything of the religious history of the last and the present century. But probably great part of the success of the movement depended on its strongly individual element, on its addressing men not as members one of another, but as separate souls who must answer each one for himself as he stands alone before his Judge. By such a course, it forced upon men a sense of personal responsibility, but it also impressed upon the popular religion a character of isolation, of independence, which has for a time at least destroyed much that was lovely in earlier types of Christianity. From this has arisen that "dissidence of dissent," that "spirit of disruption," which regards continually multiplying religious divisions not as a perhaps inevitable source of weakness, not as an evil to be endured so long as it cannot be cured, but as the ideal of religious liberty, a grand achievement reserved for the nineteenth century. And from this it has resulted that religion, instead of being regarded simply as the heavenward aspect of all things human, has come to be looked upon as the relation between the individual soul and its divine master. Such a relation cannot but be most sacred, most delicate; to reveal it to the general eye, to make it a subject of discussion whether with a friend or with a spiritual director, unless under the urgent need of spiritual sympathy or counsel, must blunt the sensitiveness of the soul, and injure that spiritual modesty and reserve without which religion loses all its loveliness. To talk of religion, if by religion we mean the inner secrets of the soul, must have upon most persons a somewhat hardening effect, and may very easily end in substituting words and professions for the deeper realities of the spiritual life.

But it may be objected that the Evangelical school of theology, far from discouraging religious conversation, has been the one school which has most markedly encouraged it; and that it is among pro-

fessors of this form of religion almost exclusively that such conversation prevails. Most true. But while this fact testifies to the reality of conviction with which such persons hold their view of religion, it cannot be denied that to those who have not been brought up in the peculiarities of this school the way in which things *sacro digna silentio* are or used to be spoken of familiarly, not in the exceptional confidence of intimate friendship, but in ordinary intercourse, gives a painful sense if not of unreality, at least of unfitness and indecorum. And on those who have been brought up from childhood in Evangelical ways, the encouragement to talk of their spiritual condition and to lay bare the secrets of their souls is a perilous temptation to the fatal habit of letting words outrun the truth, of saying more instead of less than they feel. If religion is indeed a matter entirely between each man and his God, then religious conversation must be, except in very rare cases, the profanation of the holy of holies.

But there is, as we have tried to show, a higher and a nobler conception of religion, a conception which alone fits it for universal acceptance, which makes it the bond of human society, the consecrating influence of all human life. To regard it as the kingdom of heaven upon earth, as that which regulates the relation not of the individual soul only, but of the family, the nation, the race, with God; as the principle which is to raise men to a higher and purer life, not hereafter only, but here and now, and which therefore has to do not only with theology but also with political economy, with social science, with education, with the thousand problems of the day; this surely would be to make it no longer a monopoly of priests and churches, but a matter also for statesmen, for social reformers, for men of science, for all who are doing any kind of work for others. If God were regarded as standing in the same relation to humanity that Queen Victoria holds theoretically towards the British Empire, to speak of him in discussing human affairs would be as natural as it is to refer to the crown in talking of government or legislation. It is because we regard him not as the common Father of all men, but as the Benefactor of a select few, that we shrink from the mention of his name in any but this intercourse of closest friends.

That the habitual and, as it were, instinctive reference of all subjects of human interest to the highest standard, is not incompatible with a hearty and genial

enjoyment of all simple and natural pleasures, and with a manly and unaffected life and a keen interest in all political and social questions, ought not to need proof; but it might be proved by a reference to two biographies. The lives of Thomas Arnold and of Charles Kingsley, in whatever else they may differ, agree in this, that each sets before us the portrait of a man who from his heart believed in a present God, and who was not ashamed or afraid to speak of his belief. To Arnold indeed, with his strong view of the identity of Church and State, religion and politics were but the concave and the convex side of one and the same shield; to him, in school management or teaching, in social intercourse, in correspondence with his friends, and in political pamphlets, without Christianity everything was unmeaning. He looked forward to a time when "the region of political and national questions, war and peace, oaths and punishments, economy and education, so long considered by good and bad alike as worldly and profane, should be looked upon as the very sphere to which Christian principles are most applicable." And his biographer tells us how in his ordinary school lessons, "no general teaching of the providential government of the world could have left a deeper impression, than the casual allusions to it which occurred as they came to any of the critical moments in the history of Greece and Rome." And so again in the case of Kingsley, we see at once from his letters and from his recorded words that to eliminate from his conversation all mention of the kingdom of heaven and its king would have been simply to impose upon him silence as to all that he would have considered worth speaking of: to him the drainage of Bermondsey, the relations of capital and labor, the suffrage, secular education, were not less distinctly religious questions — might he not perhaps have said that they were more religious questions? — than the constitution of Church synods, or the jarrings of discordant sects, or the minute introspection of a morbid conscience. Not that either Arnold or Kingsley had the faintest tincture of secularism: in both we recognize the same deep reverence for and delight in Scripture; in both, though under somewhat different forms, we find the same value for public worship as the expression of the social character of Christianity; in both, the apparent mixing of things religious and secular is not the lowering of the religious, but the lifting the secular into a higher sphere. And in both, too, not in

spite of but in consequence of their deep sense of religion and of a present kingdom of heaven among men, we find the keenest delight in outward nature, the freshest enjoyment of out-door sports, and an almost boyish exuberance of spirits alternating with the depression to which at times both the one and the other, in common with well-nigh all great souls, were liable in presence of the contrast between what is and what might be. Certainly neither in Arnold nor in Kingsley was religion "a thing between a man's self and his Maker," any more than a man's relation to his father is independent and exclusive of his relation to his brothers and sisters and his interest in family affairs.

If the theory which we have endeavored to work out is true, it would appear that the present universal reticence on religious subjects is a not altogether healthy symptom, as indicating that the belief in a kingdom of heaven amongst men has died out, and given place to a religion of selfishness and isolation, a system of *saure qui peut*, in which each one is to do the best he can for himself, naturally without saying much about it. It is an ignoble phase of religious life, and as long as it lasts the best fruits of Christianity will be blighted and lost. Religion, like all other wholesome growths, loves the sunlight and the air; if we keep it in our cellars it will wither and die, or else send up a sickly and colorless shoot, that will bear no healthy fruit. The popular religion lacks just what it would gain by light and air and discussion: it would be more tolerant, better-proportioned, less self-sufficient and less given to party spirit. At present, if religion is spoken of at all, it is assumed that this can only be between persons holding similar views; whereas if it were recognized that the essence of religion lies not in views, which are each man's speciality, but in mutual affections and common objects, which are the uniting bond of society, it would be possible for men holding quite opposite views to discuss amicably and profitably subjects lying outside their differences, and even those differences themselves as being of quite subordinate importance.

There are special cases in which a more free speech on religious subjects such as we have advocated would be of the greatest advantage. It is often said to be one of the characteristics of the present day, that fathers and sons are not on the same confidential footing that they were a generation or two back: that they no longer talk freely and unrestrainedly; that the

father is no longer his son's confidential friend. Many causes may have conspired to produce this effect: the growing love of independence; the busy lives led by so many fathers, which cuts them off from their families; the free thought of the present day, which makes many a young man silent lest he should shock his father. But if fathers would but bring themselves to make an effort to break through this mischievous reserve—and the first move must come from them—and without giving themselves airs of superior knowledge which in many cases they do not possess, would take pains to understand their sons' point of view and to enter into their difficulties and then talk matters over with them plainly and sensibly as elder friends anxious to help them if possible by the benefit of their experience, they would in most cases find that they had won their sons' confidence once for all, and that even if their sons still took a line which they regretted, they might at any rate be one if not in opinions yet in heart.

To another class of persons the bringing religion out of the mysterious gloom of the sanctuary into the light of day would be a great and unmixed gain. To the clergy, as the authorized religious teachers of the people, it is an absolute necessity to be *en rapport* with the thoughts of the laity on religious subjects if they would speak from the pulpit to any effect. And yet to a considerable number—probably a large majority—of the clergy, the minds of the lay people are a closed book. Nor is the fault with either class exclusively. The clergy are too apt to adopt a professional tone on religious matters, and to regard a layman who discusses them freely as a presumptuous person requiring to be repressed. And the laity are far too shy of expressing their opinions in the presence of their spiritual pastors, lest perchance they tread on a clerical corn. It would be better for all parties if there were more freedom of speech on all sides; if a religious layman might speak out his mind, even to the extent of calling in question the reality of miracles or of suggesting a mythical element in Scripture, without arousing the wrath to which "celestial minds" are prone; and if clergymen were more ready to recognize the unsettlement of men's minds, and to discuss the questions which press upon them without heat and with an earnest desire to help them in their search after truth. As it is, the loss is greater to the clergy than to the people: often sermons which might go straight to the

hearts and minds of the hearers are lost in the air because the preacher looks at things from a clerical-meeting point of view, and so he and his hearers are moving in different planes; often a clergyman, personally respected and liked, fails utterly to exercise any influence on his people's thoughts, because he has never learnt to know their minds and to enter into their ways of looking at things.

It would of course be over-sanguine to suppose that we are likely to witness any rapid or even perceptible change in this matter at present. Many may think that in presence of the wide and widening differences of religious and non-religious opinion, reticence on such matters is likely rather to increase than to diminish. Yet two encouraging facts may be noted. The interest in religious questions is certainly greater now than it was twenty years ago; the pages of almost every periodical which proposes to address the thoughtful and educated class bear witness to the fact that religion is not so nearly dead as many would persuade us. And further, such a book as "The New Republic," in which as in the later Greek comedy well-known characters are brought together on the stage under the most transparent of masks to discuss religious and social and moral questions, whatever may be thought of the taste of such a proceeding, is at least a proof that such questions are held to be susceptible of discussion among persons who differ even as to fundamental principles. And if once religion can be lifted above the level both of pietism and of ecclesiasticism to a position analogous to that which the schoolmen assigned to theology as the *mater scientiarum*, to the position of the all-embracing and all-pervading kingdom of heaven on earth, then we shall learn that religious conversation is not only possible but inevitable, and God and his government will no longer be the one subject on which men are agreed to keep silence.

R. E. B.

From The Spectator.

LOWER LIFE IN THE TROPICS.

IN the old times, before Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace, when we used to know nothing about evolution or selection, or the meaning of their colors to animals and plants themselves, apart from their privilege of pleasing the human eye, we read stories of the equatorial lands with rather

a provoked sense of the beauty that was wasted there. We called it "wasted" in our thoughts, because to so very few it should ever be given to look up into the golden and scarlet network roofing of the primeval tropical forest, and around on an endless expanse of flower-bearing stems, with Charles Kingsley's "At last!" in the long-drawn breath of their intense satisfaction. Now the fairy-tales of science are popular reading. Mr. Wallace tells us how the plants recommend themselves by their tempting colors to the birds which are to scatter their seeds in distant places, instructs us in the domestic habits of butterflies, and the humors of orchids; describes the humming-birds, in phrases that have the swiftness of flight in them; and shows us the life that is in the equatorial forests,—so various, so vivid, and so purposeful, that we see it in our fancy without any vague discontent, and with a grander notion of its beauty, gained from the fuller revelation of its wonder.

With Mr. Wallace for our guide, for instance, we may go ashore in fancy, from an imaginary "Sunbeam," during an unfettered voyage in which

We know the merry world is round,
And we might sail forevermore,

and find ourselves in the hill forests of Borneo, all draped with the most beautiful of orchids, the unique *Vanda Lowii*, whose flower-stems, sent out from small clusters of leaves, hang down eight feet in length, covered with large, symmetrical, crimson stars. Throughout the mountains of the equatorial zone we should find everywhere the wonderful flowers of which the crimson-starred streamer—festival decorations of the forest—is king, growing on the stems, the forks, or the branches of trees, abounding on fallen trunks, spreading over rocks, hanging down the face of precipices, or modestly mixing with humble grasses. And we should see the profuse, low-growing, orange star flowers on the stem of the *Polyalthia*, which cannot fail to attract the attention of the wandering butterflies and bees, out of whose sight they would be, if they grew in the usual way, on the tops of these small trees, overshadowed by the dense canopy above them. We should not, indeed, find the belief that in abundance and variety of floral color the tropics are pre-eminent, which in old times we held, justified by the facts. "Twelve years of observation among the vegetation of the eastern and western tropics has convinced me," says Mr. Wallace, "that in propor-

tion to the whole number of species of plants, those having gaily-colored flowers are actually more abundant in the temperate zones. The Alpine meadows and rock-slopes, the open plains of the Cape of Good Hope or of Australia, and the flower-prairies of North America, offer an amount and variety of floral color which can certainly not be surpassed, even if it can be equalled, between the tropics." But not only the vastness of the primeval forest, within the equatorial zone, would overwhelm us, but the force of development and vigor of growth, and amazing variety of forms and species which everywhere meet and grow side by side. If the traveller, having overcome his first sense of lost bewilderment amid profusion, notices a particular species, and wishes to find more like it, he may often turn his eyes in vain in every direction; trees of varied forms, dimensions, and colors are around him, but rarely is any one of them repeated in that equable zone, where there is no struggle against climate, and no one type of vegetation monopolizes territory to the exclusion of the rest. We should probably look in vain, amid the vast luxuriance of palm and bamboo, with all their incalculable aid to human needs in the lands they grow in, for the larger forms of animal life, for the mammals and the reptiles are widely scattered, and shy of man; and in the Brazilian forests, and those of the Malay Archipelago especially, birds do not sing, but make pensive and mysterious sounds. Monkeys, indeed, are pre-eminently tropical and constantly on view, except in Australia, Madagascar, and New Guinea; and whether they are chattering in Asia, or roaring like lions or bulls in America, they are the liveliest and the noisiest creatures within the equatorial zone. Bats, too, are specialties of the tropics, and South America boasts a group, the "vampyre," which Mr. Wallace considers "sure to attract attention." It seems likely, especially if an individual of the group gets a chance of exercising his mysterious manoeuvres on the observant traveller. The exact manner of the vampyre's attack is not known; the sufferer never feels the wound, being fanned into a deeper slumber by the motion of the wings, and "rendered insensible to the gentle abrasion of the skin, either by teeth or tongue." The tropical bats are of immense variety. One of the strangest of the living pictures presented there must be a migration of the great fruit-bats, or flying foxes. We know the shrinking, blinking creatures, something like small umbrellas

with broken wires, and inextricably mixed up with foxhead handles, of which we get peeps under a flap in a cage at the Zoological Gardens; but they are small specimens, and convey to us no notion of the huge, swooping things, often five feet in width across the expanded wings, which pass by in immense flocks, taking hours to do it in, and devastate the fruit plantations of the natives, who will not even eat them in revenge. They seem indeed to enjoy complete impunity, like the beautiful glow-worm, who is supposed to shine because he is not edible, and hangs out his luminous speck of warning to the insectivorous birds. We might, perchance, see such monster snakes as that one, twenty-six feet long, which Mr. St. John measured in Borneo, and we should probably be told, while sleeping in a native house, that there is a large snake in the roof, on a rat-hunting expedition, and that one need not be disturbed in case one should hear it. The slender whip-snake will glide among the bushes, and may be touched before he is seen; and the green viper, deadly and watchful, will lie coiled motionless upon foliage of his own hue, unsuspected, within a few inches of one's face, if one is a collector, which it is much safer not to be. Then there are the lizards, — no less than thirteen hundred different kinds, and almost all to be found in the tropics, thriving on the rich vegetation and the duly proportioned sunshine and moisture, and colored to harmonize with their habits and surroundings. "When I see the first lizard holding on by his feet to the side of a white wall, I feel that I am getting into the sunshine," once said a lover of the sun to the present writer; and Mr. Wallace dwells on the charm of these creatures to comers from the cold. They run along walls and palings, sun themselves on logs of wood, creep up to the eaves of cottages, scamper out of one's way in every garden, road, or sandy path, walk up smooth walls with the greatest ease, or crawl up trees, "keeping at the further side of the trunk, and watching the passer-by with the caution of a squirrel." The house lizards are grey, the rock lizards are stone-color; the forest lizards are mottled with green, like lichen-grown bark; the ground lizards are of beautiful green colors, like the tree-frogs. Not the least interesting of the forest pictures must be the latter curious reptiles, sitting quietly during the day, so as to be almost invisible, owing to their color, and their moist, shining skins, so closely resembling vegetable surfaces; and the other varieties, beautifully spotted,

like large beetles, or striped with bright, staring colors. In their case, nature's wonderful law comes in to protect them; they may flaunt their red bodies and blue legs, — they are uneatable.

Among the living pictures that the tropics have to show, surely none can be more beautiful than the butterflies. Who has ever looked even at dead specimens from Malacca and from Rio de Janeiro, all stiff and dull, pinned on cardboard with their prim companions, without wondering at their beauty, without a visionary glimpse of the sun-pierced forest paths, and the fruit-bearing lands in which the splendid creatures disport themselves in life? America is richer in butterflies than the Eastern hemisphere, but everywhere those of the tropics surpass those of the temperate zone in numbers and quality. "The first sight of the great blue *Morphos*," says Mr. Wallace, "flapping slowly along in the forest roads near Para, of the large, white-and-black, semi-transparent *Ideas*, floating airily about in the woods near Malacca, and of the golden-green *Ornithopteras*, sailing on birdlike wing over the flowering shrubs which adorn the beach of the Ke and Aru islands, can never be forgotten by any one with a feeling of admiration for the new and beautiful in nature." The habits of the tropical butterflies are as various as their colors and forms are exquisite, and a true lover of them need never be deprived of objects of contemplation, for though the majority are "diurnal" — that is, of the early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise persuasion — some Eastern *Morphidae* and an entire American family (*Brassolidae*) are "crepuscular," like the "Buffalo gals" of our youth. The description of some of them, as early in the morning they expand their wings to the sun, and dart so swiftly that the eye cannot follow them, reminds one of Shelley's "embodied joy, whose race has just begun." A considerable number frequent river-sides and the margins of pools, assembling together in flocks of hundreds of individuals; but these are all males, — the females remain in the forest, where in the afternoons (presumably after their no-business hours) their partners join them. Among these exquisite creatures there are also uneatable species, who, when the crowd of floating and fluttering beauties disappear, to conceal themselves amid foliage or on sticks which harmonize with their hues, hang in their unconcealed gaudiness at the end of slender twigs or on exposed leaves.

We should be disappointed at first with the tropical birds, but after many days in

the forest we should find out the beautiful creatures that live in its dense foliage and gloomy thickets, the parrots, the pigeons, the perching birds, in all the wonderful variety of those orders, especially in that portion of the Malay Archipelago that is east of Borneo, and in the Pacific islands, where monkeys — arboreal animals given to the eating of eggs — are not. Only in America should we find the humming-bird, that living marvel of color, exclusively tropical, though it has migrant species which visit Lake Winnipeg and the Columbia River, making journeys of full three thousand miles each spring and autumn; darting into fuchsia-flowers in the midst of a snowstorm at Terra del Fuego, and whirling about Pichincha at fourteen thousand feet above the sea. It was of a minute humming-bird, found only in the extinct crater of Chiriqua, in Veragua, that Mr. Gould said, "It seems to have caught the last spark from the volcano before it was extinguished," so flaming is the crimson of its tiny gorget. These flitting gems, these beautiful bauble-birds are extraordinarily brave and combative; we have complete tournament pictures of them from Mr. Wallace and Mr. Gosse, and of their numbers Mr. Belt says that in the part of Nicaragua where he was living they equalled in number all the rest of the birds together, if they did not greatly exceed them. How much one would like to see the nest, "no larger inside than the half of a walnut-shell, of a cup-shape, beautifully decorated with pieces of lichen, and lined with the finest and most silky fibres;" how gently, lest one should tarnish the two little white eggs by breathing on them, one would steal away from it! What pictures are conjured up by the Mexican and Peruvian names of these wonderful creatures, which mean "rays of the sun" and "tresses of the day-star"!

The scientific aspect of these living pictures has an extraordinary charm, as Mr. Wallace sets it forth. "The functional and biological classification of the colors of living organisms" sounds very imposing, but one finds the protective, warning, sexual, typical, and attractive colors all severally explained, so simply and convincingly that one rather thinks the lucidity must be somehow imputable to one's self,—and then the theory adds a tenfold interest to the scenes which have been summoned up before one's fancy. One feels deeply grateful to the profoundly scientific naturalist who teaches one so much, but does not forbid one to feel,—who classifies wonders indeed, but acknowledges them thus:

"When, for the first time, the traveller wanders in these primeval forests, he can scarcely fail to experience sensations of awe, akin to those excited by the trackless ocean or the Alpine snowfields. There are a vastness, a solemnity, a gloom, a sense of solitude and of human insignificance, which for a time overwhelm him, and it is only when the novelty of these feelings has passed away that he is able to turn his attention to the separate constituents that combine to produce those emotions, and examine the varied and beautiful forms of life which, in inexhaustible profusion, are spread around him."

From The Spectator.

AMATEUR LIBRARIANS.

WE would suggest to the professional librarians of the world, who have now formed themselves into an association, and hold "conferences," and possess a journal of their own, that at their next meeting they might do a little to encourage the formation and maintenance of private libraries, those small but good collections of books of which there are comparatively so few in England. Private libraries, and especially private libraries of modest dimensions, containing from two to eight thousand volumes, cannot, of course, be compared in utility with public libraries of any kind, and especially with public libraries access to which is easy; but they confer benefits of their own, nevertheless. Each family which possesses one tends to grow up cultivated, to take and to diffuse an interest in literature, and to add to the number of that useful class which publishers know to be so extremely limited, that of the buyers of serious books. These people are very meritorious in the eyes of authors, publishers, and booksellers; they are the mainstay of serious literature, and they ought to have an interest even for librarians, though the latter may look upon their efforts with contempt. Amateurs are useful, if only because they diffuse the ideas of professionals; and there are amateur librarians, as well as amateur painters, musicians, and drivers of four-in-hand. The professional librarians should encourage them a little, and help them a little, and popularize their own knowledge a little, for their benefit, and this they have as yet scarcely begun to do. There is much information about libraries in the splendidly printed quarto of "Transactions" in which the proceedings of the

London Conference of Librarians are reported, many valuable papers on the formation of libraries, at least one brilliant burst of rhetoric — a sort of hymn, sung by Mr. Harrison over the glorious first editions which would have been in the British Museum, if the copy-tax had been enforced in England from the invention of printing — and some interesting statistics; but there are very few hints by which amateur librarians can hope to profit. One grand temptation is indeed held out to them. They are informed that the professional librarians of the world confide to them one sacred trust, — that of conveying the torch of high art in the matter of bookbinding from hand to hand through the ages. Otherwise it will go out. What with the prevalent views of utility, and the poverty of many libraries, and the stinginess of all governments, and the public preference for the insides of books, as compared with their outsides, the librarians despair of themselves doing very much for bookbinding as an art, and devolve the duty avowedly upon wealthy amateurs. That, no doubt, is a real encouragement to the amateur. He has always had a sneaking kindness for pretty bindings. He has always wanted to waste more of his disposable money on the outsides of his books, and to limit his purchases to the number he could afford to rebind, and now he has a magnificent excuse for his graceful "fad." He is a preserver of an art which otherwise might perish. He may feel, if he likes, like a prior of Monte Cassino, that he is protecting civilization, for the professional librarians have not only given up the work, but have gone in for asceticism, and preach all through this beautiful quarto the virtues of buckram, that sackcloth of the binders' art. Buckram, they say, and almost sing, is the true binding for books in a great library. Buckram, a sort of canvas of linen, costs hardly anything, will take any color, and does take six, never heats, never spoils under the fumes of gas, and will outlast any kind of leather, except, perhaps, good, sound morocco. Buckram is the binding for the sovereign people, and its sway in popular libraries ought to be universal. When the professional turns ascetic the amateur must be luxurious, and as he is inclined so to be, that is so far encouragement for him. He gets praise instead of blame for his pet vice, and moreover, may plead that he has eternal principle on his side. Squalid ugliness will never be a good, even if it is durable as well as nasty, and the amateur who will bind one shelf

of books in buckram will at once perceive that in resisting the innovation he is performing a high duty to art. There are one or two hints in the quarto for the amateurs' benefit besides. It is nice for them to know that the binding they like best — good, dear, whole-colored morocco — lasts longer than any other, except vellum, which, from its ghastly monotony of dirty ugliness, may be considered out of court. Gold is thrown away on vellum, or rather, only makes its ghoul-like pallor more conspicuous; while stamps of elaborate design and labels of glorious color would each only add to it a new horror, were that physically possible. Morocco, however, will last, and as all wives understand that a lasting article is cheap, morocco may be used without fear of a scolding for the bills. Then amateurs are told something, not specially for their benefit, but incidentally, which is really important for them to know. Lofty shelves of books perish. It is not gas, as many people suppose, which is the librarians' foe, but heat, and as heat rises, the books on the top of tall shelves perish at a frightful rate. No book-shelves meant to keep books forever should be above six feet high, but if that limitation is impossible, as it is in all private houses, then keep the books you care least about on the top shelves, and ventilate your libraries from above. Let the hot air out, if you want your "letterings" to last.

These three bits of counsel, — to bind well, because nobody but amateurs will do it; to use morocco, whenever you can; and to recollect that the heated air which destroys books hangs in a stratum, many feet thick, from the top of the room, — are the main facts we have collected, for the benefit of amateurs, from the "Transactions" forwarded to us. Perhaps we may add one more, because it is so useful, and is so often forgotten, — when you bind, put as much information about your book as you can into the lettering on the back. The practice saves you and your friends endless trouble, and when your books are sold, as they always are, will increase their selling value, by making them more acceptable to other amateurs. That, however, is a minute detail, and we want the professional librarians of the world to give to amateurs, and especially to intending amateurs, much more definite help. In the first place, could they not publish three, or four, or more catalogues of modest English libraries as they ought to be, — catalogues which may enable half-ignorant men to lay the foundations of their libraries on something like system? They will smile,

and ask if it is their business to find Mr. Branghton in culture; but they do not know how hopelessly ignorant most men are of books, how little they know what they want, how absolutely their memories fail them when they try to fill up *lacuna*. Why should men who wish to fill a large room with books — furniture to them, perhaps, but cultivation to their sons — be reduced to rely on publishers, who, of course, recommend the books they publish; or booksellers, who are guided by the catalogues of their own stock; or the questionable taste of the auctioneer, who recommends some country collection as "very choice"? Why not begin with some decent collection chosen by experienced librarians, and varied afterwards according to their own tastes? Why should there not be the "Historian's Library," the "Littérateur's Library," the "Library of Science," and so on, catalogues of really good small libraries, drawn out carefully by librarians, for the assistance of amateurs? The Associated Librarians very naturally wish their "Transactions" to be beautifully printed, and as the process is very expensive, and they cannot always rely on "the liberal enterprise of the Chiswick Press," they want them to sell. Why not add such lists as we have suggested, which would, we can assure them, sell for years? And then why not try a still more spirited experiment, and confer on every amateur librarian, and indeed every student in England, a direct and appreciable boon by publishing in the form of these "Transactions" with the same perfect paper, and greedy but legible type, an *anticipatory* subject index of English, or English, German, and French books? We do not mean that they should attempt to realize Mr. John Ashton Cross's magnificent idea, expounded at page 104, in a paper which might have taken away the breath even of the Mr. Watts who was said by his enemies to have known of the existence of every book in the world. That mighty project, the preparation of a Universal Index of Subjects, the record of all that human beings have ever written upon anything, must be left for the German government when it has conquered the world, or for that scion of the Rothschilds, or the Asstors, or the Vanderbilts who is one day to appear, and who to a fortune of twenty millions is to add burning philanthropy and acute bibliomania. He has not come yet, and till he comes, we fear Mr. Cross's magnificent speculation must remain a dream, even though he does tell us how

much of the work has been done: "There are indexes to all works by Italian travellers and by Italian mathematicians, to German mathematics, German poetry, and German philosophy; to English and to American poetry; to Spanish philosophy and to Spanish agriculture; to Swiss history, to Alpine literature, to English topography, to Irish periodical literature, and to French, Belgian, and English law books. All the works on Russia, on Africa and Arabia, on Palestine, on the American Indians, on the American Pacific coast, have been indexed. And great men like Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, Schiller, Columbus, Montesquieu, and Spinoza have their own special bibliographies. Even one so recent as Abraham Lincoln has been thus honored." But pending this cosmic book, which, when finished, will require a library, a librarian, half-a-dozen interpreters, and an endowment all to itself, could not the librarians give us something very small, a quarto volume, say, of a thousand closely printed pages, a dictionary of subjects, with lists of the best books *easily accessible* upon them? It would sell, we believe, better than any cyclopædia. They, with their resources all round them, have no conception of the difficulty ordinary men, whether amateur librarians or students, have in finding out what good books have been written, even on ordinary subjects, or in making a collection, not complete, but tolerably full, on any given topic. The present writer, for example, has tried, and tried in vain, to draw up a list of the inspired books, the books believed at various times to have come down from heaven ready bound, a list which six or eight considerable librarians could in concert furnish in an hour. The work of such a catalogue, carefully distributed, say, over two hundred and fifty libraries for three years, could not be unendurably heavy, would be of the highest service to investigation, and would, we believe, if attempted, be helped with small grants of money by many of the governments of the world. Of course the very principle of the undertaking would be to exclude the idea of completeness, to give no book not readily accessible, and to omit as far as possible unimportant or technical subjects, such as the law of conveyancing, the books on which are sure to be well known by many experts. It should be to Mr. Ashton Cross's grand project what Bellows is to Littré, a mere introduction to the mightier index, something of which the British Museum would speak with contempt, the *Biblio-*

thèque National with levity, and all German savans with a sacred horror, but still a useful little work, say, of one thousand quarto pages or so, and called by the humble name of "The Guide to the Amateur Librarian." It would sell, O Associated Librarians and Messrs. Cassell, it would sell!

ADVICE TO THE LATE LORD MACAULAY,
ON ENTERING LIFE.

IN 1823, when Lord Brougham was at the mature age of forty-four, he addressed the following letter to Lord (then Mr.) Macaulay's father, Z. Macaulay, Esq. :—

MY DEAR FRIEND, — My principal object in writing to you to-day is to offer you some suggestions, in consequence of some conversation I have just had with Lord Grey, who has spoken of your son (at Cambridge) in terms of the greatest praise. He takes his account from his son; but from all I know, and have learned in other quarters, I doubt not that his judgment is well formed. Now, you of course destine him for the bar; and assuming that this, and the public objects incidental to it, are in his views, I would fain impress upon you (and through you, upon him) a truth or two which experience has made me aware of, and which I would have given a great deal to have been acquainted with earlier in life from the experience of others.

First. That the foundation of all excellence is to be laid in early application to general knowledge is clear; that he is already aware of; and equally so it is (of which he may not be so well aware) that professional eminence can only be attained by entering betimes into the lowest drudgery, the most repulsive labors of the profession; even a year in an attorney's office, as the law is now practised, I should not hold too severe a task, or too high a price to pay, for the benefit it must surely lead to; but, at all events, the life of a special pleader, I am quite convinced, is the thing before being called to the bar. A young man whose mind has once been well imbued with general learning, and has acquired classical propensities, will never sink into a mere drudge. He will always save himself harmless from the dull atmosphere he must live and work in; and the sooner he will emerge from it, and arrive at eminence. But what I wish to inculcate especially, with a view to the great

talent for public speaking which your son happily possesses, is that he should cultivate that talent in the only way in which it can reach the height of the art; and I wish to turn his attention to two points, I speak upon this subject with the authority both of experience and observation; I have made it very much my study in theory; have written a great deal upon it which may never see the light; and something which has been published; have meditated much, and conversed much on it with famous men; have had some little practical experience in it, but have prepared for much more than I ever tried, by a variety of laborious methods; reading, writing, much translation, composing in foreign languages, etc.; and I have lived in times when there were great orators among us; therefore I reckon my opinion worth listening to, and the rather, because I have the utmost confidence in it myself, and I should have saved a world of trouble and much time had I started with a conviction of its truth.

1. The first point is this: the beginning of the art is to acquire a habit of *easy speaking*; and in whatever way this can be had (which individual inclination or accident will generally direct, and may safely be allowed to do so) it must be had. Now, I differ from all other doctors of rhetoric in this; I say, let him first of all learn to speak easily and fluently; as well and as sensibly as he can, no doubt, but at any rate let him learn to speak. This is to eloquence, or good public speaking, what the being able to talk in a child is to correct grammatical speech. It is the requisite foundation; and on it you must build. Moreover, it can only be acquired young; therefore, let it by all means, and at any sacrifice, be gotten hold of forthwith. But in acquiring it every sort of slovenly error will also be acquired. It must be got by a habit of easy writing (which, as Wyndham said, proved hard reading); by a custom of talking much in company; by debating in speaking societies, with little attention to rule, and more love of saying something at any rate, than of saying anything well. I can even suppose that more attention is paid to the matter in such discussions than to the manner of saying it; yet still to say it easily, *ad libitum*, to be able to say what you choose, and what you have to say. This is the first requisite; to acquire which everything else must for the present be sacrificed.

2. The next step is the grand one: to convert this style of easy speaking into chaste eloquence. And here there is but

one rule. I do earnestly entreat your son to set daily and nightly before him the Greek models. First of all he may look to the best modern speeches (as he probably has already); Burke's best compositions, as the "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents;" "Speech on the American Conciliation;" and "On the Nabob of Arcot's Debt;" Fox's "Speech on the Westminster Scrutiny" (the first part of which he should pore over till he has it by heart); "On the Russian Armament;" and "On the War, 1803;" with one or two of Wyndham's best, and very few, or rather none, of Sheridan's; but he must by no means stop here; if he would be a great orator, he must go at once to the fountain-head, and be familiar with every one of the great orations of Demosthenes. I take for granted that he knows those of Cicero by heart; they are very beautiful, but not very useful, except perhaps the "*Milo pro Ligario*," and one or two more; but the Greek must positively be the model; and merely reading it, as boys do, to know the language, won't do at all; he must enter into the spirit of each speech, thoroughly know the positions of the parties, follow each turn of the argument, and make the absolutely perfect and most chaste and severe composition familiar to his mind. His taste will improve every time he reads and repeats to himself (for he should have the fine passages by heart), and he will learn how much may be done by a skilful use of a few words, and a rigorous rejection of all superfluities. In this view I hold a familiar knowledge of Dante to be next to Demosthenes. It is in vain to say that imitations of these models won't do for our times. First, I do not counsel any imitation, but only an imbibing of the same spirit. Secondly, I know from experience that nothing is half so successful in these times (bad though they be) as what has been formed on the Greek models. I use a very poor instance in giving my own experience; but I do assure you that both in courts of law and Parliament, and even to mobs, I have never made so much play (to use a very modern phrase) as when I was almost translating from the Greek. I composed the peroration of my speech for the queen, in the Lords, after reading and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks, and I composed it twenty times over at least, and it certainly succeeded in a very extraordinary degree, and far above any merits of its own. This leads me to remark, that though speaking with writing beforehand is very well until the habit of easy speech is acquired, yet after that he can never

write too much; this is quite clear. It is laborious, no doubt; and it is more difficult beyond comparison than speaking off-hand; but it is necessary to perfect oratory, and at any rate it is necessary to acquire the habit of correct diction. But I go further, and say, even to the end of a man's life he must prepare word for word most of his finer passages. Now would he be a great orator or no? In other words, would he have almost absolute power of doing good to mankind in a free country, or no? So he will this, he must follow these rules. — Believe me, yours,
H. BROUGHAM.

From Public Opinion.
BUDDHISM.

SIR PATRICK COLQUHOUN, Q.C., one of the senior vice-presidents of the Royal Society of Literature, recently delivered his second lecture on the "Historical Outlines of the Leading Religions of the World," prefacing it by naming those which he considered entitled to this designation — viz., Brahminism, Buddhism, classical heathenism, Judaism, Christianity, and Mahomedanism. Sir Patrick said that although Buddhism was, in fact, an outcome of Brahminism, occupying the same relative position to that creed as the reformed Christian Church does to the older Oriental and Western Churches, and was, therefore, in the nature of a sect, its widespread acceptance in the north-eastern portion of the world entitled it to the rank of an independent creed, professed as it is, in some sectarian form or other, by about one-third of the human race. The lecturer commenced by giving a *précis* of the life of its founder, Siddhārtha Gautami, son of Kuddhodama, maharajah of Kapilavasta, of the Kshattriya, or warrior caste of the Kaikas. His future tutor, the learned Brahmin Asita, declared his birth remarkable by a development of the thirty-two great and twenty-four inferior signs of future eminence, and soon announced that he had nothing more to teach him. At a proper age he was married to his cousin Maya, a woman nearly as distinguished as himself in her acquirements. His mother died seven days after his birth. Being challenged by his intended father-in-law to show his proficiency in the usual athletic exercises of his race caste, to the astonishment of all he exceeded his competitors not alone in these, but in intellectual knowledge. In his twenty-ninth year he secretly left the

palace, divested himself of his princely ornaments, shaved his head, obtained garments of skin from a trapper, and commenced his mission of reformation as an ascetic. When the garments were worn out he supplied their place with a yellow shroud obtained from a buried slave. This became the distinctive badge of the order; it is vulgarly called "Chinese mourning." After his twenty-four hours' meditation under the *Ficus religiosa* he perceives he has become "the Buddha" — that is, has attained "perfect intelligence" and has entered *nirwāna*. He dies at the age of thirty, having, in spite of the Brahminical opposition, obtained a large number of followers. The result of Buddhism was the abolition of caste. Its founder taught virtue for virtue's sake. He preserved the doctrine of metempsychosis, he acknowledged no deity, abhorred idols, and consequently recognized no priesthood, his monks being simply teachers. The lecturer than dealt with the doctrine of *nirwāna*, and came to the conclusion that it implies total annihilation of the vital principle, the soul and the matter, differing in this respect from the Brahminical doctrine which holds that the soul, after a series of transmigrations, is ultimately absorbed into the essence of the deity, thence to be converted and redistributed as matter is. The Buddhist's hell is terrestrial, and the ultimate end of the last, or perfect birth, annihilation. It was surprising that so unattractive a doctrine should have found so many votaries. The area of Buddhism in all its forms (for it has also separated into numerous sects) extends in the north from the Nepaul Mountains over the whole of Thibet, China proper, Mongolia, Manchooria, Cashmere, Bhutant Sikhim, Korea, the Lien Khen Islands, and the British, Dutch, and Russian possessions in China and Japan, and the worshippers number four hundred and seventy millions. In the south Buddhism extends over Ceylon, British Burmah, Burmah, Siam, Assam, and Janis, and the worshippers number thirty millions, making a total of five hundred millions. The lecturer then proceeded to show how widely the institution had changed from the views of its original founder. In Thibet it has its hierarchy, its pope, its cardinals, its abbots, its eighteen degrees of inferior clergy, its idols, incense, choirs, monks, and nuns — to outward appearance identical with the Roman Catholic clergy; and the Dalai Lama is not only pope, but sovereign of the country. In short, it appears to have violated all the essential principles of the Buddhistic creed and theory.

From The Globe.

THE GOORKHAS.

THE worthy inhabitants of Malta will scarcely derive much æsthetic delight from the personal appearance of the Goorkha regiment that will be shortly among them. Ugly beyond comparison, with flat features and mere slits for eyes, these soldiers are of stunted stature, frequently very bow-legged, and much too broad for their height. But they are splendid little fellows for fighting purposes, being very hardy, capable of enduring almost any amount of fatigue, devoted to their officers, and completely devoid of even the instinct of fear. Armed only with their "kookeries" — broad-bladed, heavy knives, of fine temper, and sharp as razors — they often go on foot into the jungle, in quest of some man-eating tiger, and if the brute is brought to bay, it rarely escapes with life. Buddhists by faith, they hold in scorn the caste prescriptions of Hindooism, and when in our service, they adopt many of the customs of the English soldiery. It is an amusing sight to see a Goorkha setting forth from a station, for a day's sport in the neighborhood. Dressed in some cast-off European *mufti* which he has purchased in the bazaar, he carries either an ancient fowling-piece or a razed Brown Bess, while at his heels follow two or three curs of very low degree, whose ears and tails have been artistically docked. Yet, bizarre as looks his get-up, the little fellow generally manages to bring home a decent bag, unless, indeed, his weapon bursts at the first discharge. His method is either to stalk the game, be it a dove or a deer, or to lie in wait for it for hours at some likely spot. Between whiles, he puffs his short clay pipe and murmurs the songs of his native land, which sound rather harshly to sophisticated ears. Altogether a right merry lad is the Goorkha in quarters, and held in high esteem by the European soldiers. But his greatest talent lies in fighting to the death for the side whose salt he eats. Some years ago, during one of our expeditions into the Peshawur hills, a Goorkha detachment was skirmishing with the Afredees. On the recall being sounded, three or four men who had taken up favorable positions declined to come back. There they remained leisurely firing at the enemy until the Afredees swarmed down in overwhelming force, and then out flashed the wicked-looking kookeries, and there was some very pretty fighting. Of course the plucky little fellows were all killed, but not before the ground was considerably littered with defunct Afredees.